

THE LIGUORIAN

*A
Magazine for
Lovers of
Good Reading.*

January

1943

The Devil's New Year

D. F. MILLER

Modern Martyr for Purity

C. D. McENNIRY

A Dead Pig Makes History

B. J. TOBIN

Plant of the Plastics

F. B. BOCKWINKEL

On Sisters and Their Retreats

E. F. MILLER

War Aims

PATRIOT'S BEQUEST - - p. 2

THE WHY OF WAR - - p. 41

POLITICS AND WAR - - p. 52

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PATRIOT'S BEQUEST

*(Lines written by a soldier preparing for battle
and for death)*

Can you hear us, America?
Our voices are weak
And we speak from
Far places —
From Pearl Harbor and Bataan —
From Wake and Midway —
From Dieppe and Guadalcanal —
From the depths of the seas —
And from shallow graves.
Our voices are faint
And almost drowned
By your living voices
Chanting our praises —
Calling us "Heroes" —
"True Americans."

While we lived
You — who now sing our praises —
Stung us with the names —
"Kike" and "Nigger" —
"Wop" and "Polack" —
"Chink" and "Spike" —
"Greek" and "Greaser."
Each of us you gave a name
Setting us apart
By the color of our skin —
By the church we attended —
By the homes of our forefathers —
Forgetting — or denying —
That we were — even then —
Americans.

Most of us died intestate —
We did not know we had
Such a wonderful estate to leave —
The title
"True American."
You have given us this name —
We pass it on to those
We loved —
This then is our will —
We bequeath this title
To our parents —
Our brothers and our sisters
And to our children forever —
In the name of God —
Amen.

— "Bruce Brian"

FATHER TIM CASEY

MODERN MARTYR FOR PURITY

C. D. McENNERY

“WELL, what did you girls study for this morning?” These were the ominous words with which Father Timothy Casey began religion hour in Second High. (“Horrors! He is going to quiz us on the lesson.”)

“Father, we studied —” Jirinka caught Sister Miriam’s eye and modified her statement — “Father, we were supposed to study about martyrdom.”

They were all thinking hard to find some question to ask and stave off that dreaded quiz. Addy was the first to get an idea.

“But, Father, why haven’t we any martyrs any more? We girls have to go back sixteen hundred years to find our patron, little St. Agnes. Doesn’t anybody love the faith enough to die for it nowadays?”

“Every age,” the priest explained, “has its martyrs. But all of them are not proclaimed as such by the Church. Before the Pope will canonize anybody as a martyr he must have the strongest proofs that the person really died for the faith or for some Christian virtue and was not put to death on account of his political views or for some other natural reason. That is why such a long and difficult process is required for the canonization of those who died under Elizabeth in England, or during the commune in France, or during the recent Red massacres in Spain.”

“Is it hard, Father, to get proofs that a person was really put to death for the faith and not for some natural reason?”

“Hard indeed. As a rule all the witnesses are dead long before the process is begun and so explicit and detailed information is wanting. And if, by chance, some contemporary did leave detailed and explicit information, generally that contemporary was not an eyewitness himself, but simply related what he had heard from others. And even eyewitnesses cannot always decide with certainty why the persecutor kills his victim. The clearest case I have ever heard of is under examination in Rome right now. The man who killed the martyr is still alive, and he is giving under oath all the details of the death and why he inflicted it.”

"OH, FATHER, where was it?" "Father, where did it happen?" "Who was it killed the martyr?" "Whom did he kill?" "How did he kill her — or was it a her?"

"If the girls would speak one at a time, Father could understand them more easily," Sister Miriam murmured. And there was a deep silence — for ten seconds.

"The martyr," Father Casey replied to their renewed questioning, "was a girl, just the age of St. Agnes. For that reason she is often called the modern St. Agnes. She met her death in Italy in the year 1902."

"But, Father," Ilya objected, "1902 is just a short time ago. There was no bloody persecution of the faith in Italy then."

"Didn't you learn in today's lesson that a martyr is one who died for the faith *or* for some other Christian virtue? Maria Goretti, for that is her name, died for another Christian virtue, for the angelic virtue of purity."

"Oh, Father, please tell us about it. Please."

"Marietta (Little Mary), as she was generally called," the priest began, while the class settled down comfortably for a story ("Glory, what a relief!"), "lived with her widowed mother, Assunta, and her little brothers and sisters in one half of an old stone house in the malarial swamps (which have since been drained) not far south of Rome. The other half of the house was occupied by Giovanni Serenelli and his son Alessandro. While Assunta's husband was still alive he had worked the poor farm in partnership with the Serenelli's, and after his death the widow found it hard to extricate herself from the combination, though she and her children were always getting the worst of the bargain.

"Alessandro Serenelli, whom his father had allowed to grow up a dissolute youth without any religious formation, had conceived a sinful passion for Marietta, who, though but twelve years old, already looked like a young woman. Twice already he had attempted to lead her into sin and had been indignantly repulsed. But now he concocted a diabolical plan which he was certain would succeed.

"It was July 5, 1902, shortly after the midday meal. The elder Serenelli was taking a nap in the shade of the house. Assunta and her little boys were with Alessandro threshing out beans. They did this by crushing them under drags drawn by oxen — the oxen with the great horns seen on the Roman Campagna. Alessandro was driving one yoke of oxen, young Goretti the other. Marietta was upstairs mending a shirt

THE LIGURIAN

for Alessandro. He had sent it up to her after dinner with a demand that it be attended to immediately. Thereby he schemed to have her remain alone in the house.

SUDDENLY he stepped off the drag, muttered something about going to fetch a tool, asking Assunta to drive the oxen in the meantime, and went up into the house. In his room was a long, wicked-looking knife which he had found in a scrap heap and had ground and sharpened. With this he intended to threaten the girl and terrorize her into yielding to his demands. He pushed open the door of the place where she was working and ordered her to come into his room. The poor child was frightened, but she feared a scene between him and her mother if she were to cry out, so she simply ignored him and went on with her sewing. Suddenly he rushed in, seized her and dragged her into his room, kicking the door shut as he went. With the door closed and the noise of the threshing, her cries could not be heard. 'No, no, it's a sin. God doesn't want it. If you do it you will go to hell. No, no, what are you doing, Alessandro! You will go to hell.' These were her exact words. In that tragic moment her all-absorbing thought was the offense against God. 'No, no, it's a sin. You will go to hell.' And she fought him off with the strength of a tigress. He drew the knife and threatened her. 'No, no, it's a sin.'

"Baffled and enraged, he plunged it into her body. Again and again. 'Just like,' he testified in the process, 'I would hack at a block of wood.' Some of the gashes were so long that her bowels came out. Seeing her lying there senseless in that condition and thinking her dead, he slunk out of the room. In a few moments she revived — perhaps from the intensity of the pain — with a superhuman effort she managed to open the door and drag herself to the head of the stairs and call faintly to Alessandro's father. 'Giovanni, Giovanni, come up here. Alessandro has assassinated me.' Not Giovanni but Alessandro hears her. So, she is not yet dead. He will finish her. With blow after blow he drives the knife into her back piercing the lung, the pericardium, the diaphragm — in fact the surgeons afterwards testified that she had been stabbed fourteen times. The murderer throws aside the brutal weapon, takes refuge in his own room, bolts the door and awaits his fate.

"Marietta, in a voice growing weaker and weaker from loss of blood, keeps repeating her plaintive cry: 'Mama! Mama!' In this con-

THE LIGURIAN

dition the poor widow finds her cherished child. 'O my Marietta, what is it? What has happened? How was it done?' 'It was Alessandro.' 'Oh, why did he do this to you, my child?' 'Because he wanted me to do something bad, and I wouldn't.'

"While the police drag the assassin from his lair, loving hands lift the martyred girl into the ambulance which will bring her to Nettuno. The eight miles over a rutted country road through stifling dust is a torture. 'Does it hurt you much, my child?' the mother asks again and again. 'No, mama, no,' she protests out of thoughtfulness for her mother. But she betrays herself when she asks faintly: 'Mama, is it very much further?'

"The surgeons of the hospital at Nettuno declare the case hopeless. Indeed they marvel that she is still breathing. It seems that Jesus, by a miracle, kept His little spouse alive long enough to give all the details of her glorious martyrdom. However, in order to leave nothing untried the doctors proceed to disinfect and stitch and bind her wounds. Her weakened condition will permit of no anaesthetic. For two long hours she bears this excruciating agony. When they stop she tries to comfort her weeping mother. 'Mama, I am all right now.' Always a second mother to her younger sisters and brothers, even now she is solicitous about them, wants to know how they are and who is looking after them while she and the mother are away. A little later: 'Mama, may I have some water?' When the mother tells her the doctors have forbidden it, she suffers her burning thirst in silence. 'Mama, you will stay here by me tonight, won't you?' 'They will not let me remain in the room, but I will be very near.' 'But, Mama, where will you sleep?' 'The sisters will take care of that, Marietta.'

"**T**HE Archpriest of Nettuno, a Spanish countess and two Little Sisters of the Poor were at her bedside throughout the night. They can never forget the fervor with which she repeated the ejaculations they suggested, the love with which she kissed the crucifix and the picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the eagerness with which she prepared for Holy Communion. Just before giving her the living Body of the Savior as Viaticum (provision for the journey), the Archpriest asked: 'Marietta, do you forgive the assassin from your heart?' 'Yes, I forgive him. In heaven I will pray for his conversion.' Then, remembering what she had so often heard of the death of Jesus, she added: 'I too

THE LIGURIAN

want him to be with me in paradise.' Even before leaving the house she had declared to her mother that she forgave him, for one of the first thoughts of this God-fearing woman had been to make sure that her daughter should not die with hatred in her heart towards anybody, not even towards her murderer.

"Maria Goretti's prayer in heaven has already been heard. During the twenty-eight years he spent in the penitentiary (capital punishment did not exist in Italy at that time) Alessandro Serenelli learned to know and serve God. He declares that his conversion was brought about principally by a dream in which he saw Maria Goretti in a fragrant garden gathering lilies which she offered to him with kindly insistence saying: 'Take them. Take them.' This same Alessandro was one of the first and most important witnesses at the process for beatification, sparing himself no humiliation in order to give an exact and complete statement of the case.

"Within twenty-four hours after the tragedy Maria Goretti died, her death rendered doubly sweet by a boon she had long desired — reception into the sodality of the Children of Mary. The newly received medal of the Blessed Virgin reposed upon her breast as she gave up her heroic soul to God."

"**F**ATHER," gushed Addy, "isn't it grand to be a martyr! You get to heaven so sure and so quick. It is easier than being a nun. You do not have to go through a long, poky novitiate where you can't write to anybody and they make you do all kinds of funny penances."

"Do not be too sure of that, Addy. It was through a long and austere novitiate that Maria Goretti acquired the spiritual strength and won the divine assistance that enabled her to die for God's law."

"What novitiate was that, Father?"

"The novitiate of suffering, work and poverty — the novitiate of kindness, self-forgetfulness, retirement and prayer. Only nine at the death of her father, she comforted and encouraged her mother with a wisdom beyond her years, and from that moment she stood by her and helped her, doing the work of a grown woman. And a hard struggle they had, more than once going hungry to bed. Despite all their scratching and saving, they finished the first year after Mr. Goretti's death with a debt of fifteen francs. She had to give up all hope of attending school and like her mother never had a chance to learn to read. The younger

THE LIGURIAN

members of the family looked upon Marietta as their guardian angel, and whenever they were punished by their worried and overworked mother, they ran to her crying: 'Marietta, mama is after me.' Besides laboring in the fields, she did the housework and minded the younger children, and all this with such care and fidelity that never once did she merit a reproach. Unmerited reproaches however she received in plenty, but she bore them with silent patience. Mrs. Goretti, who had a panic fear of snakes, tells of Marietta's thoughtfulness. When the two had to walk through the dried swamp grass on their way to work, the child would say: 'Mama, let me go first. You are afraid of snakes, and I'm not.'

"The beautiful virtue for which she died was one which her mother had always inculcated most assiduously and which Marietta had cultivated from babyhood. She would never stop on the road to speak with even her best friends, thinking it unbecoming for a Christian maiden to expose herself to the gaze of the passers-by, but she went on quickly and directly to the place where she was sent. She habitually wore on her head a large cloth which hung down over the shoulders. Even in summer, despite the suffocating heat of the Pontine Marshes, she was never seen without neck and arms well covered. One day when she had gone to the common fountain for water, she came home indignant and ashamed. Another girl had spoken immodestly. 'You had no business listening,' said her mother. 'Mama, what could I do? I was filling my jar.' 'Well, at least, take good care that you never repeat it.' 'Repeat it! I would let myself be killed rather than repeat such language.' That protestation coming from Maria Goretti was not, as after events proved, mere empty boasting.

"She admitted on her deathbed (and Alessandro Serenelli testified to the fact during the process) that twice before he had made an attempt on her virtue, but she had succeeded in evading him. When asked why she had not reported the matter to her mother, she replied that he had sworn to kill her if she did. She knew his violent temper well enough to believe the seriousness of the threat. The most she dared do was to beg her mother never to leave her alone in the house. The mother though thought this a mere whim and paid no attention to the request. How much she must have suffered from this constant danger, especially since she had to carry this secret dread in her heart without divulging it to anybody! She sought strength and courage in prayer. From that time on,

THE LIGUORIAN

Serenelli testified, she was never seen without her rosary except when her hands were employed in work. He admitted too that never had she, by word, look or gesture, encouraged his unworthy passion. How unlike those girls who pretend to be indignant about advances and liberties which they themselves have encouraged by their immodest dress or unbecoming behavior!

"If, as we have solid reason to believe, the daughter of Assunta Goretti is canonized soon, we shall have the beautiful spectacle of a Christian mother living to see her child proposed to the veneration of the universal Church as Virgin and Martyr. You girls will note however, from what I have related, that if you too aspire to be Virgins and Martyrs, you must make a serious novitiate," said Father Casey.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

(Written by a U. S. Soldier)

My Jesus, in Thy mercy hear me, for I need Thy help now as I have never needed it before.

Help me never to forget Thee or Thy holy Teachings.

Help me ever to keep my oath and to render my utmost in the service of my country and of Thee.

Grant me knowledge and judgment in time of indecision, strength in time of weakness and temptation, courage in

time of fear, and reward my efforts with success.

If it be possible, I implore Thee that I may return to my loved ones after Victory. But, should it be my lot to give my all, grant that I may die valiantly in performance of my duty, and abide with Thee where strife is not and Peace is everlasting. Amen.

From *Recon*, a bulletin published under the direction of Chaplain J. J. Kearns, C.Ss.R., of Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

PRAYER FOR OUR ENEMIES

O God, Whose Mercy is our hope, teach us also to be merciful. Let us learn the lesson of charity and forgiveness, so that we may forgive injuries, and may pray for those, who would persecute us. Look down upon the pagan rulers who have gathered vast armies of destruction and are using their strength to destroy Thy children and Thy Holy Church. Show forth Thy might that they may see the folly of their ways before it is too late for them and their blind followers. Grant them the grace, we pray Thee, to cast off their impiety and bring them to their knees in chastened penitence before Thee with Whom there is plenteous Mercy. Shield us ever from the blight of hatred and inspire us with sadness at the sight of the sin of our enemies. Speed the day in Thy wise counsels when peace, founded on justice and charity, may reign upon this earth from east to west through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

IMPRIMATUR: ✠ John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati.

From Leaflet: L. H. Breitenbach
217 E. Eighth St.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

***** Three Minute Instruction *****

ON THE HUMAN SOUL

The wise philosopher Socrates used almost to tire his pupils by repeating over and over: "Know thyself." Nevertheless the advice is well worth repetition. A knowledge of self is essential to any kind of self-development. Among the things that must be known about self are the characteristics of the human soul.

1. The soul is *spiritual*. This means that it can be and some day will be independent of the body. This means that it has the same characteristics as the angels, such as independence of space and time and all the limitations of matter. This means that though it is normally united to a body, its interests are always to be preferred to the interests of the body; that where the body desires something and the soul recognizes that granting the body's desires would be contrary to its own good (the soul's) the interests of the soul must always be favored. This means that passion, pleasure, wealth, comfort and freedom from bodily pain are destructive and ruinous if contrary to the spiritual concepts of virtue, religion, morality, and character formed in the soul.

2. The soul is *immortal*. The soul cannot die as the body will some day inevitably die. Death always means corruption, or the breaking up of the parts of a thing. The soul has no parts and cannot corrupt. God could annihilate the soul, but to do so would be contrary to His own intelligence and goodness, which designed the soul to remain in existence forever. This fact should convince anyone that it is far more important to provide well for the endless existence of the soul than to worry about the temporary condition of the body.

3. The soul is *responsible*. The two great faculties of the spiritual, immortal soul are intellect and will. The intellect is the light-giving faculty; it tells what is right and what is wrong. The will is the choosing faculty; it may choose either the right or the wrong. The only reason God gave to the soul these faculties was that He might hold man accountable, or that He might let each man decide his own fate forever. Therefore every man will be responsible for his condition in eternity, and no amount of self-deception or argumentation can take that responsibility away.

On the basis of these truths a man must guide himself throughout life. He may deliberately deny them, but his very denial is an exercise of his spiritual, immortal, and responsible soul. He may accept them, and then all his thoughts, actions, ambitions and words will be colored by their meaning. In the latter case he is on his way to becoming a companion of God and the angels in heaven.

THE DEVIL'S NEW YEAR

A one-act morality play with an up-to-date finish, that will show you how the denizens of hell fight among themselves for your soul. Recommended as a background for New Year resolutions.

D. F. MILLER

The scene and cast: The back room of a tavern. Five characters sit around an oblong table. The Devil at the head, Drunkenness and Impurity at one side, Human Respect and Pride at the other.

The Devil stands out among the others because of his evident leadership, poise, authority, and ability. He is dressed entirely in black, except for a flaming red handkerchief in his breast pocket, a red scarf around his neck, and a red beret on his head. His speech is dignified, self-possessed, cool and forceful.

Drunkenness is a heavy-set, bulbous-faced individual with unkempt hair and disheveled clothing. His shirt is unbuttoned and without a necktie. His speech is whiny and sometimes blurred.

Impurity is a flabby person, with a pimpled face, pudgy hands, and an air of constantly trying to find a new and more comfortable way of sitting or rather lolling in his chair. At one moment he is looking at himself in a small pocket mirror, picking at his pimples, and rearranging his hair. At another he is drumming on the table, crossing and re-crossing his legs. He wears a flashy silk shirt with a loud tie, and duck trousers.

Human Respect is a fop, lean, nervous, constantly looking around to see if he is observed, immaculately dressed in evening clothes, complete to spats and white tie. He is incessantly flicking invisible spots off his sleeves and lapels and examining his finger-nails, or the crease in his trousers, or his shoes.

Pride is a professor type. He is modestly dressed, wears horn-rimmed spectacles, and carries a book under one arm which he opens and reads now and then to show indifference to what is going on. His facial expression is cold and superior, and when he speaks he clips his words with an air of sarcastic finality.

When the scene opens, the Devil is paging through a large ledger before him on the table.

THE LIGUORIAN

The Devil: All right, gentlemen, the meeting will come to order. As you know, it is my custom, at the end of a year, to make an award to one of my operatives for outstanding service rendered during the year, and to use the same occasion to lay plans for the New Year about to begin. This year the records of you four look so uniformly good, and I am so hard put to decide on the award, that I determined to hold this informal meeting — apart from our other — ah — assistants, that we might, in a spirit of good fellowship, discuss the matter amongst ourselves. In short, I want you to speak for yourselves. The record attests your success in the business of — shall we call it? — defilement, but perhaps you can add some inside personal slants that will throw the balance of favor to one or the other.

Drunkenness: I don't know about the others, Chief, but I think you ought to take into consideration the odds I was up against this year. This war that's going on — it may help the others I don't doubt — but it's tough on my line, see? First, the prices of liquor go sky high —

Pride (Sneeringly): Yes, but wages and salaries hit new highs too, you fool. You never had so many candidates for the bottle since the Volstead Act went in.

Drunkenness (Glaring at Pride): Wait till I'm through, can't you? First, I say, prices go sky high. Then all the reform leagues in the country get worried about the soldiers and sailors, and laws are passed and schemes worked out to put all my hangouts out of their reach. Worse still, the war has got a lot of people to praying — I don't know whose job it is to block that — but who'sever it is he's not doing very well at it. Anyway, when people pray a lot I can't do much with them.

The Devil: Formidable obstacles, indeed, D. What did you do about it?

Drunkenness: I didn't waste any time moaning. I tackled three classes of people in particular, and against all the odds, I must say I did pretty well. The first was women. For every soldier that got out of my reach (of course, a lot of them didn't get out of my reach — I got plenty of them on furloughs and leaves, etc.) I managed to shackle a woman. Rich women, poor women, working women, idle women.

Human Respect: Wait a minute, wait a minute. How many of those women were my victims? I'll take most of the credit for three out of four of the ones you captured at parties and social gatherings. I con-

THE LIGUORIAN

vinced them they would be laughed at if they turned down the stuff, even though they detested it.

Drunkenness (Whining): Listen, Chief, do I have to stand for that fellow always claiming credit for my victories? You know right well that a lot of people who pretend not to like my stuff are only lying or posing. They want to put the blame on something else. You know that, don't you?

The Devil (With a superior laugh): Now, now, boys, don't fight. This is a friendly meeting. And we are all working for the same goal — to deprave the images of God.

Drunkenness (Glaring at Human Respect): Then I worked on the young people. That was fun. They're swell to work with, but you've got to be cagy. I had to get all the bartenders with me. I got 'em to make nice cozy backrooms, and shiny dance-floors, and to fix up the fronts of their places so they'd look nice and respectable. They were glad to do it because they were losing so much trade on account of the war. Then I had to work on the mothers and fathers. Had to get 'em not to care where their sixteen-seventeen-eighteen year old kids went. Get 'em to trust the kids, see, to think the kids knew all about life before they got started. Boy, did it work!

Impurity (With his usual leer): Some of those kids were looking for me, my dear D. Oh, yes they were. The dim-lit back-room of the tavern, the slick dance-floor and the mushy music — I won't stand for anybody else taking the credit for such things. They're mine. Yes, and I helped you, D., many a time when I couldn't get a youngster to like me right off. "Give her a drink," I said to the kid who wanted his girl to like me. And boy, how I got 'em. All I needed was a drink or two — it wasn't necessary to call in Friend Drunkenness personally. And they thought it was love. (*Laughs sensually.*)

Drunkenness: Chief, they're all picking on me. They're jealous, that's all. But I'm not through. I made hundreds of new drunkards out of the ex-W.P.A. and relief lists. There they were, getting nice big salaries for the first time in years, and I picked them off like ripe fruit. Some of the best, too. Of course there were plenty I couldn't break down — they knew too much about temperance — but I got a nice haul. Mostly newcomers to our gang, boss; didn't you always tell us you wanted more newcomers, not so much working on the old slaves?

The Devil: Yes, that's what we want. You did a very fine job, D.,

with the women and the youngsters and the newly er-ah salaried folks. A fine job.

Pride (Scornfully): A fine job, pouf! I'd like to have a word in the midst of all this talk. Who out of hell broke down the religious principles of all these people? Who tore out of their hearts the moral restraint and voice of conscience with which they were born? Who made them think it didn't matter what they did so long as they had a good time? (*Hits his chest.*) I did! I did it with my little books. (*Waves the book he holds.*) I convinced them that science had licked religion, the poor fools. (*Laughs diabolically.*) I got the high school and university professors to poke fun at (*Lowers his voice in fear and merely points above*) HIM; I kept whispering that war proved there wasn't any God. I kept them from praying; I made them think they were tin gods—the whole stinking caboodle of them—from the internationally famous professors and writers down to the last man in the street who said: "Nobody is going to tell *me* what to do." Chief, you can give your award where you please, but I got my own ideas where it belongs.

Impurity (Unctuously): Dear, dear P., why must you be so violent? Is it because your facts won't stand too close an examination? Now I'm not one to fight; I much prefer to love. Ah, love! What a grand thing! So easy to turn into lust. You claim, dear P., that you made practically all our converts before any of the rest of us turned a hand. Don't tell me you never heard of King Henry VIII, the great defender of the faith (hee! hee!) until I got into his eye and his heart and his very bones. And won't you let me take you on a tour some day and show you all the dear little subjects I've got under my smooth wing—all once firm Catholic believers—who would never have given up their faith for anything but little me? I engineered their divorces and second and third marriages; I made adultery look so sweet, so soft, so appealing, so good that they couldn't resist it. And sometimes I wonder how many people who profess to have no faith, no doubt duly listed in your catalogue of slaves, dear P., are only covering up their love of me thereby? Young fellows and girls who quit going to church because it rebukes them so fearlessly for the things I get them to do. Middle-aged men and women who are willing to commit spiritual suicide just for little me. Impurity does dull the mind, you know. Then you take contraception—

THE LIGURIAN

Human Respect (Snippily, with a false smile): Oh, no, you don't. I won't let you take contraception, my love-lorn Mr. I. That's my baby, my biggest claim to any awards that are dished out, though everybody can see it isn't my only one. But I've got you there. You, Impurity, wouldn't have a look-in on many a home unless I got there first. And I've been working on this a long, long time. Who started people thinking it was disgraceful to have more than two or three children? Who makes the women's clubs buzz with sneaky talk about the mother that dares to have five or six children? Who inspires the magazine articles that tell women that the ideal family is two or at most three children, well spaced? Who built up Margaret Sanger's disreputation as a safe guide for married people? No, I'll never admit that most of our contraceptive slaves are made that by Impurity, great as are the charms of my dear brother in arms. Too many of them are just afraid of what the neighbors will say, and that's where I come in. And while we're on that, haven't I done wonders with contraception for the unmarried and the adulterers? Why, I've removed all their fear of public shame. I don't know but what I can claim about half your own people at that, Impy, old boy.

Pride: (While pretending to read his book) Dullards! Dolts! Fools! I'm in every sin. They can't sin without me.

Impurity: (With bland smile for Pride) After I've softened most of them up for you, old thing.

Human Respect: (With a nasty smile for Impurity) With a lot of help from my offer of escape from public opinion, you old rotter.

Drunkenness: (Whining again) Chief, what about me? I don't need much help from Pride, and I've got a lot of slaves that wouldn't be seen with Impurity. And as for Human Respect, who ever heard of a drunkard that bothered about him?

(The door bursts open and in rushes Greed. He is a little weazened man with a pinched face, wearing a greenish suit and a skull-cap. He is laughing like an insane man and dancing up and down. He starts to talk a couple of times, but breaks off in uncontrollable laughter.)

Greed: Chief, where've you been? I've been looking all over for you. I'm having the time of my life. The — time — of — my — life! ! *(Laughs incontinently again)* Honest, it's a riot. I've got them all out there fighting their heads off to get rich off the war. It's duck soup;

THE LIGUORIAN

it's easier than converting a birth-controller into an adulterer. The big shots are cheating the government and one another and their best friends to get rich as Croesus out of making the most murderous contraptions you ever laid your eyes on. A lot of the politicians are putting both fists in the gold pot to get what they can while it lasts. Thousands of ordinary mugs are stepping all over one another, lying, swearing falsely, scrambling, to change good jobs for better jobs so they'll get more money. And listen, Chief, I've got the big men — you know — the ones that run the show with their dough — I've got them so tied up in their plans to get corners on everything after the war that — that — war will *never* stop! (*Laughs until he almost chokes. Then suddenly he is silent, and for the first time looks around at the company*)

The Devil: (*After the heavy pause*) All very good, G., but this is hardly the time for your report. Can't you see that we are holding an important meeting? You might at least apologize to these — er — ah — gentlemen for your intrusion.

Greed: Aw, gee, Chief, I'm sorry. My report just seemed too good to keep. And you, fellow operatives, I'm sorry I interrupted your meeting. But we're all pals, aren't we? You, Drunkenness, how often we stuck around together right down to the last dregs. And my dear friend, Impurity, old man Greed never lets *you* down. Some sell themselves to you to keep on good terms with me, and some team up with me to make a hit with you. And you, Pride, how many of my boys I've handed over to you after they got their million, and I don't begrudge them to you either. And my old friend, Human Respect, the pal who coined the phrase "You've got to keep up with the Jones's" — why, the suckers I took in on that bait haven't been counted yet. Shucks, fellows, I didn't mean to interrupt, but we're all friends, aren't we?

Pride: In hell we are, but not here, you green monster.

Impurity: Of all the impertinence! I can get along very nicely without you. Sometimes I don't charge a penny.

Human Respect: (*Flicking furiously at dust-spots on his sleeve*) It takes two to make friends, and I'll say this, *I* never had much use for G. It's not a question of the award, or of money. It's the principle of the thing.

Drunkenness: Chief, you gonna let another guy pick on me and take my job?

(*All sit in strained aloofness from one another, and Greed stands crestfallen.*)

THE LIGUORIAN

The Devil: (Standing) I think it's high time this meeting be brought to a close, and you, G., might just as well listen to what I have to say. There will be no award this year because you have all shown by your words that you can't get along without one another. There has been entirely too much wrangling among you, too much forgetting that you have to work together. If one of you can't get a man, another has to have a go at him. You should know by this time that our dupes love to console themselves by saying: "At least I don't do so and so. I may get drunk but I don't steal. I may cheat but I'm not impure. I may commit adultery but I don't deny that there is a God." You've got to play that up, even if it does mean the loss of a personal client here or there. . . . Now another thing. You are all noticing a big upswing in business resulting from the war. Maybe you don't know that I started that war, and I'm going to try to keep it going till we squeeze the last candidate for hell out of it. But it's not going too good. It's working in reverse in some places. There are too many people praying, as D. noted, praying their heads off for peace and justice and virtue and the salvation of their souls. It won't be long, if this keeps up, till those prayers will outnumber the sins that helped me start this war, and when that happens, we'll be handcuffed. So I want you to go out there and put a stop to that praying, do you hear? *(Raises his voice)* Stop it if you never did anything else in your life. Get 'em drunk, wrap 'em up in lust, make 'em doubt and deny that *(lowers his voice fearfully and points upward)* HE exists, make 'em scared to pray, too busy to pray, too proud to pray, too greedy to pray — make 'em anything, but STOP THAT PRAYING! Now get out of here and go about your business, and damnation follow the lot of you!

Curtain

FABLE FOR NEW YEAR'S

On New Year's, January first
The zealous Mr. Otto Wurst
Made resolutions by the score,
Full half a hundred, maybe more.
 *(Instead of making one or two,
 He bit off more than he could chew.)*
Alas, when fair temptation beckoned,
He broke them January second.

— L. G. M.



THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

THE BAD PATIENT

Well and sick people alike should have a definite picture in their minds of what constitutes a *bad* patient. The well person will inevitably have to avoid being a bad patient some day, because almost certainly, some day, he will be sick. The one who is sick now, needs the picture now, in order to know what to avoid. The marks of the bad patient are these, and it should be remembered that any one of them is enough to dub a patient "bad."

1. He is insufferably *proud*. He thinks he knows more than the doctor who is taking care of him, or, if not that, he thinks that the doctor knows nothing about his case at all. He is constantly making derogatory remarks about doctors in general, and about his own doctor in particular. If a certain medicine doesn't relieve his condition immediately, he blames it on the doctor. If the doctor hints at the possibility of an operation being necessary, he belabors the thesis to his friends that all any doctor ever wants to do is to get at you with a knife. Pride is always detestable; it is especially so in one whose very life may depend on the knowledge and skill he refuses to concede to another.

2. He is constantly *disobedient*. If the doctor says he must stay under the bed-clothes, he is sure to leave the bed as soon as he gets an opportunity. If he is told to drink lots of water, he brags to his friends that he doesn't drink a glassful a day. His disobedience makes him the despair of conscientious physicians, the cross of nurses, and a constant worry to his family and friends, if he is fortunate enough to possess any.

3. He is *petulant* and *cantankerous*. His favorite melody is the groan. He wants to know why this had to happen to him, what he has done to deserve it, why others are spared and he is stricken. Hardly anything pleases him. When good food is brought to him he doesn't feel like eating and thinks everybody ought to know that. When no food is brought, he complains bitterly that he is starving to death and nobody cares. If he is in a hospital, he takes his grievances out on the nurses; they are never around when he needs them; they are thoughtless and inefficient. Usually these accusations are balanced by the fact that he is put down as one of the worst patients the hospital ever had to put up with.

4. He is selfishly *ungrateful*. The bad patient has very narrow vision; he can see only himself. What others do for him makes no impression on him; almost literally, he does not see it—self is in the way. The spoiled child that remains in so many grown-up men and women becomes evident in illness; and spoiled children want everything, but want to give nothing.

A DEAD PIG MAKES HISTORY

A little known incident in the history of the making of America that has had vaster results than many wars have accomplished.

B. J. TOBIN

FEW people would be inclined to attach historical importance to a pig. Yet there once was a hog whose aimless rootings into a neighbor's potato patch almost precipitated the United States into a war with England and was responsible for changing the boundary line between Canada and America.

The actual trouble started by the hungry pig began in 1859 on tiny San Juan Island. But the extraordinary series of incidents set in motion by the hog were only a part of the more momentous events that had been taking place in the Pacific Northwest for decades and which were to continue to be a source of conflict over two continents for many years to come.

San Juan Island, the home of the pig, lies in the Strait of Juan de Fuca between Vancouver Island and the mainland of the state of Washington. Like the rest of the territory extending from California to Alaska, no one during those early years of the nineteenth century was quite sure which nation owned this island—the United States or Canada. Both countries claimed it. Citizens of both had settled upon it. Politicians in far off London and Washington had made many futile attempts to arrive at a solution and fix a definite boundary line. In the United States a political party won a presidential election largely by making the people conscious of the international dispute. Men who had no idea of the extent, resourcefulness or the location of the Oregon Territory were inflamed with a fanatical enthusiasm to fight the British Empire once again to gain possession of this unknown land. But it was not until the aimless rootings of the pig took him into a neighbor's vegetable garden that the final stage of the controversy was reached and settled once for all.

ON THE eleventh of May, 1792, a Yankee sea captain from Boston who had been sailing along the Pacific Coast looking for Indians with pelts to barter crossed the bar at the entrance of a great

THE LIGUORIAN

stream in latitude forty-six degrees ten minutes. Ten miles within the capes which guard the entrance to the river he anchored his ship. There the adventurous Yankee, Robert Gray, remained for ten days while the water casks were filled and the ship's sides were painted with tar. During these days Captain Gray traded his gaudy trinkets for the furs of the Indians and made brief explorations through the surrounding territory. Later he sailed his ship "twelve or fifteen miles" further up the river. On the 19th the captain gave the mighty stream its name, Columbia River, after his ship, *The Columbia*.

By this fortunate coincidence Captain Gray stumbled upon the stream that had for years been known to exist from Spanish charts, but had eluded the scrutiny of such renowned explorers as Cook, Maeres and Vancouver. Each of these saw the capes at the river's mouth, but passed them by as worthy of no more attention. Just ten days before the American vessel had crossed the bar into the river, the British commercial adventurer, Vancouver, noticed the river, but, as he wrote in his ship's log, "not considering this opening worthy of more attention," he continued northward, "thoroughly convinced . . . that we could not have passed any safe navigable opening, harbor, or place of security for shipping on this coast."

This self-confidence of the English navigator must have changed to chagrin when, a few weeks later, he learned from the Spanish captain Cuadra that the great River of the West had been discovered, entered and named by a Yankee trader, and that he had let slip through his fingers the opportunity of establishing the claims of the English crown to the limitless northwest territory.

Vancouver was anxious to remedy his failure to discover the river. For this purpose he despatched one of his subordinates, Lieutenant Broughton, to examine the American's claim. Broughton sailed up the Columbia in his ship for a distance of about one hundred miles before returning to the Pacific Ocean. Because of this expedition, Vancouver claimed for Great Britain the land drained by the Columbia River, saying that the American captain had not seen the river proper but only the inlet at its mouth.

Vancouver's distinction does not seem to have had much weight in the international dispute on the Oregon Question a generation later. In that long quarrel between Canada and the United States the discovery and naming of the mighty River of the West by Gray always formed

THE LIGUORIAN

the first length in the chain of claims by which the United States sought to maintain her right to the sovereignty of the Oregon country.

BUT, fortunately for America, its hold upon the territory was strengthened by other circumstances that transpired during the next twenty years. At the turn of the century the government-sponsored Lewis and Clark Expedition traveled down the Clearwater to the Snake, down the Snake to the Columbia; then, past the Great Falls, the Dalles, and the Cascades to tidewater. By traversing these main streams and the branches of the Columbia the explorers established a strong claim for the American government upon the entire valley of the river. Finally, in 1811, the fur-trading post of Astoria was founded at the mouth of the Columbia by the American capitalist, John Jacob Astor.

Meanwhile, however, the trappers and fur-traders of the two Canadian fur companies, the Hudson Bay and the North West, were not idle. In numbers far greater than their American brethren they crossed the Rockies, traded with the natives for furs and explored the vast regions of the Pacific Northwest. While the activities of the Americans in this country were confined to the Columbia's basin, the traps and posts of the Canadians were to be found on all the principal streams from California to Russia's Alaska.

As both countries sought to extend their sovereignty over this territory, neither would concede the rights or claims of the other. When in 1818 the line of demarcation between Canada and the United States was judged to extend along the forty-ninth parallel from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, the further extension of that line from the mountains on to the Pacific Coast was prevented by the unyielding demands of both parties for the Pacific Northwest. Because no solution could be reached concerning this territory it was declared open to settlers of both countries for joint occupancy. Instead of settling matters this joint occupancy paved the way for further disputes.

With the boundary question still unsettled neither great Britain nor the United States had the authority necessary to keep order in the territory. The frontiersmen of both countries were eager to see the end of the controversy so that they could cultivate their clearings and trade with the Indians in peace. But only anarchy could reign as long as the boundary line remained undetermined. The Canadians, however, still stubbornly clamored for the Columbia River as their southern

THE LIGURIAN

boundary line. Meanwhile, the more enthusiastic Yankees, fearing the honor of their infant country was at stake, began to shout for everything up to the parallel of 54°40' — everything up to Alaska. But the statesmen living in large and well-ordered communities around London and Washington, not understanding the immense hardships to which they were subjecting their far-distant nationals by their hesitancy, were reluctant to tackle and settle this knotty problem once and for all.

Such a state of affairs could not continue indefinitely. In the 1840's large caravans of American settlers entered the disputed area, cleared lands and built rude homes. Often these homesteads were upon lands claimed by British interests. But as no civil authority existed to determine the constantly contested claims of rivals, anarchy threatened. In a short time it became evident that only by agreeing upon some definite line of demarcation between Canada and the United States could the property rights of the individuals in the territory be made sacred.

Finally, in 1846, when both sides agreed to make concessions to their overlapping claims, a bargain was reached. To the Americans went the Columbia River with its fertile basin. But their hopes of putting all the country up to Alaska under the American flag were doomed to disappointment, for the land north of the forty-ninth parallel was declared to belong to Canada.

ACCORDING to the new boundary agreement all the land north of a line from the Lake of the Woods above present day Minnesota to Vancouver Island on the Pacific Coast was recognized as Canadian territory: the land south of this line as belonging to the United States. The Island of Vancouver, however, was so unmistakably Canadian both by discovery and by occupancy that the boundary line was gerrymandered so as to include it in the domain of Canada. Therefore, the border that had been following the forty-ninth parallel for over a thousand miles left the forty-ninth parallel to travel down the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the Pacific Ocean. It was this line through the Strait of Juan de Fuca that caused the trouble on San Juan Island thirteen years later. The treaty failed to specify to which nation the islands in the strait belonged. Natives of both countries claimed them as part of their territory. However, they were only tiny parcels of land in an out-of-the-way corner and back in the States more momentous events were attracting the minds of the politicians. They had no time to

THE LIGUORIAN

bother about insignificant and far distant islands. Their time and energies were needed to strive to hold the Union together.

Such was the state of affairs in the year 1859. The dispute may have gone on as it was indefinitely with no hope of a settlement had not a Canadian's pig roaming about San Juan Island sought to relieve its insatiable appetite in the vegetable garden of Mr. Cutler, a loyal American citizen.

It is clear that Mr. Cutler thought a great deal of his vegetable garden. As was natural, he resented the freedom with which the crops had been rooted up and devoured by the alien pig, property of a worker of the Hudson Bay Company. History fails to mention what species of pig it was, but future events indicate that, no matter what its breed, its owner evidently thought as much of it as Cutler did of his garden.

One day the hungry hog, not realizing the international complications it was going to cause, innocently wandered into the potato patch of Mr. Cutler and began to root out and eat the tubers. Cutler saw the thief in the act. He was justly upset at seeing his winter food supply vanish before the voracious appetite of the pig. Acting on the impulse of the moment he promptly shot and killed the animal.

The pig was dead, but not forgotten. The Hudson Bay man who owned the pig demanded of the American that the hog be paid for. Cutler refused. The dispute between the neighbors grew until the whole island joined in supporting one of the parties according to the nationality of the person. Finally the Hudson Bay Company, the only authoritative body thereabouts, hearing of it, sought to have Cutler taken to Victoria for trial.

Such a proposal stirred up new flames of hatred on the island. Victoria was a small Hudson Bay Company fur trading post at the southern end of Vancouver Island, on Canadian soil. The demand to take Cutler there for trial incensed the Americans who insisted that the shooting had taken place upon land belonging to the United States. They petitioned their government for help to maintain America's right to the island. In reply the government sent Captain George Pickett (who was to win fame later at Gettysburg) with some troops to establish a military post.

This outraged the Canadians. They sent an alarm for assistance to protect the interests of Britain. Not to be outdone by the Americans the British promptly crossed over and set up their camp on the island.

THE LIGURIAN

Earthworks were thrown up and barracks erected by the soldiers of each country at opposite ends. Bloodshed seemed unavoidable as the two nations sought to strengthen their positions. All indications pointed to the likelihood of America and England being involved in a costly conflict because of the dead pig.

At this point the dispute reached a stalemate. Feelings between the troops and civilians of the two countries ran high. Trouble — even war — with Great Britain seemed inevitable. Just when conditions looked the darkest, however, officials negotiated a peace. Cutler had to pay for the pig. While this settlement relieved the tension somewhat it still left unsettled the question of which nation had international jurisdiction over the island.

YEARs later, long after the Civil War was over and the statesmen had the time to interest themselves in other matters once again, they finally settled the vexing problem. Along with many other international questions between the United States and England this question was referred to an arbiter, Kaiser William I of Germany, in 1872. His decision was greeted with jubilation by the Americans on the island. It reallocated the boundary line and gave San Juan to the United States.

Perhaps it is due to the gloomy prospect that meat will soon be rationed that makes the people of the United States view each pig they see wallowing about in the mire of their sties as one of Swift's Premiums destined to grace their tables after the war. But be that as it may, Americans should not be forgetful of the little pig of San Juan Island who, because of his romantic career in winning at least six islands for our nation, has been canonized in the annals of American History.

Private Health Department

Perhaps the situation has bettered itself in the interim, but according to a news dispatch of some months ago four-year-old Betsy Earle was so popular with the townsfolk that her parents found it necessary to publish the following announcement in the North Adams (Massachusetts) *Transcript*:

"Betsy Earle's parents wish to announce that she is suffering from a severe case of worms, and they urgently urge that, in the interest of her continued good health, the townspeople discontinue the practice of feeding her candy."

PATRONS FOR JANUARY

Youth is especially honored among the patrons for January. St. Agnes was a girl Martyr, and St. John Bosco the saviour of boys.

A PATRONESS FOR WOMEN AUXILIARY CORPS

(*St. Agnes, January 21*)

MISS Agnes Claudia of east Divine Street (Via Numentina) in the imperial city of Rome is the heroine of the month. Her youthful beauty and graceful charm once caught the eye of a dashing blue-blood of Roman society. Mr. and Mrs. Cláudia were at once besieged for her hand by this same young man whose name was Procopius. He was insane with the desire of marrying into the family. His father was Mayor of Rome so that ordinarily any family would consider him a "good catch." But Miss Agnes had other ideas. She sent back all his presents with a polite but very stern "no thank you." Mayor Symphronius then entered the field and pleaded for his son. His technique, smooth and polished as it was, also fell flat in the face of a higher love.

Political pertinacity was Symphronius' only virtue so he turned to the pressure method. Threats came first. She would marry Procopius or they would force her to become a Vestal virgin. They would condemn her as a Christian and feed her to the leopards. They would feature her at the elegant civic house of prostitution. Agnes only smiled at their blindness and her smile drove them mad. From then on in banquet halls, market squares, and public baths speculation ran high as to the fate of the Christian girl who had dared to defy the highest city official.

It was easy to convict her of being a Christian with contempt of the gods, but her execution was a problem for officialdom. Fire refused to touch her. Men tried to violate her virgin flesh and the avenging hand of God fell upon them. At long last a brawny arm raised aloft a razor-edged sword. The professional executioner trembled; his lips quivered. He grew pale until Agnes encouraged him. A salty tear streaked down his bearded face as the resolute girl brushed aside her flowing hair so he could have better aim. The sword flashed; it struck the Passionflower of Christ, and January twenty-first became the birthday of another martyr.

THE LIGUORIAN

Agnes wears a crown as a gift from her First Lover. Two diamonds in that crown sparkle and shed their light down the years to America at war. The first is Heroism; the second is the special purity of woman-kind. Heroism appeals to every human heart; Purity wins the allegiance of every man worthy of the name. Agnes heroically said "no" to her own weakness in the face of death, and 1600 years later wins popularity prizes. The womanly modesty of Agnes (whose name in Greek means "Pure") was a challenge to Rome; by it she became one of Rome's conquerors.

But what has this to do with WAACS, WAVES, and women welders? Just this. Forget that St. Agnes was only a tender child in the cloister of a pious household. She was very much alive, fiery, and self-willed—a young lady with bright prospects. She was as human as the women who today work and war in a man's world. They need a special heroism and purity like hers. Heroism is forced upon them and they are heroic to a degree, but the lack of purity is still the cause of the nation's moral bottleneck.

Will young women in uniform be transformed only into hardened and efficient workers? Or will they continue to serve as inspirations to the men in khaki and blue? Men love women, psychologically speaking, precisely because they are *not* hardened, efficient, soulless creatures in uniform. The last letters of heroes like the Marine commander of Wake Island, the brave Navy men lost in action, or fallen soldiers of the Army prove unanimously that the Devereuxes, the O'Sheas, and Colin Kellys die for a cause more willingly if that cause includes loving women back home who are heroic enough to cheer amid their tears. It has ever been thus since the creation of man.

St. Agnes is a special patroness of purity and of young women. A prayer to her could be: "Heroic and pure St. Agnes, pray that I never become hardened no matter what the war demands of me."

THE PATRON OF CATHOLIC ACTION

(*St. John Bosco, January 31*)

TRYING to cram John Bosco's life into a few lines is like trying to bite a cloud. It can't be done, because Bosco was no ordinary man; he was no ordinary saint. All his life he did big things in a big way. When he built a house, it turned out to be a palace; when he founded an institution, it resulted in a congregation that spread from

Italy to France, England, America, and every other part of the world.

John Bosco was a saint even when he was young. Not the rosewater type with long flowing locks, clean finger-nails and folded hands. Bosco was a boy all the way through. He had to be. His father married twice, and John upon coming into the world fell heir to a step-brother, Antonio, who had all the traditional evil characteristics of a story-book step-brother. Antonio — almost a man when little John began to walk — loved his farm and could see no further than the fenceposts that marked his land. He hated anyone who did not love what he loved. Don Bosco did *not* love farming, so he often took a beating for this unfortunate divergence in taste.

Naturally John Bosco grew up dodging his brother whenever he could, and in the meanwhile set out to learn everything. He guarded Antonio's cows and sheep with one eye, and with the other read Virgil and Horace. Still he was by no means bookish. He liked to read and study; but he also liked to run and play and laugh and joke. By the time he was ten, he was so well-known and liked in Turin that most of the people knew him as the town clown or the village wit.

In one easy lesson he became a ventriloquist. He took this lesson one Fall at a country fair and practiced at home in the barn. After disturbing the cows and horses for days, he ventured out into the open to try his luck with the children of the neighborhood. In a short time, he had their dolls crying and their toy animals talking intelligently. Besides this, he also learned to juggle sticks and balls with remarkable success; he could flip coins up his sleeve and make them reappear through the noses of mystified bambinos; he learned to walk a tight-rope and whisk himself into a somersault when you least expected it.

But with all these tricks, the Saint in him was not a shadow that crouched back in the corner of his personality, only to come out every now and then for a bow. Everything John did was a prayer; every trick he performed, every joke he cracked, he dedicated to God's work. This was the one trick that later made him an outstanding leader of Catholic action.

It was a wise choice that made John Bosco the Patron Saint of Catholic Action. He himself in his wonderful work for boys felt the invigorating surge of enthusiastic loyalty and had to conquer occasional waves of human distrust and despair. But he fought all his life for everything that was God's and in the end he came out on top.

THE LIGURIAN

Catholic Action, understood in its widest sense, has an open field for activity today, especially in the Armed Forces of our country. For successful results it needs the method and influence of a lively, humorous saint like Don Bosco. He'll back up the work continuously and will always be on hand to stoke the fires of enthusiasm when they tend to grow cold.

OTHER PATRONS OF JANUARY

- January 2: St. Adalhard: Abbot; Patron of gardeners and against typhus and fever.
January 2: St. Aspasius: Priest; Patron against headaches.
January 5: St. Severine: Abbot; Patron of Austria, and protector of vineyards.
January 6: The Three Holy Kings (Magi): Patrons of pilgrims and travellers.
January 7: St. Tillo: Priest; Patron against fever and sickness of children.
January 9: St. Julian The Hospitaler: Martyr; Patron of boatmen, innkeepers, and travellers.
January 14: St. Hilary of Poitier: Bishop; Patron against snakes.
January 15: St. Paul the First Hermit: Patron of weavers.
January 15: St. Maurus, O.S.B.: Patron of coppersmiths, charcoal burners, against the gout, hoarseness, and infirmity.
January 17: St. Anthony, the Great: Abbot; Patron of butchers, hospitalers, brushmakers, graveyards, gravediggers; Protector of domestic animals, herds, and patron against pestilence.
January 19: Bl. Anthony Fatati: Bishop; Patron against pestilence.
January 20: St. Sebastian: Martyr; Patron of artillery, of soldiers, of gunsmiths, and against pestilence.
January 21: St. Agnes: Virgin and Martyr; Patroness of young girls, of purity, and of gardeners.
January 22: St. Anastasius: Martyr; Patron of goldsmiths and against headaches.
January 22: St. Vincent: Deacon and Martyr; Patron of winegrowers.
January 23: St. Raymond of Penafort, O.P.: Patron of canonists.
January 23: St. Clement of Ancyra: Martyr; Patron of marble workers.
January 23: St. Cadoc: Bishop and Martyr; Patron against deafness and scrofula.
January 23: St. John the Almsgiver: Bishop; Patron of hospitalers.
January 24: St. Timothy: Bishop and Martyr; Patron against stomach trouble.
January 25: St. Gildas the Wise: Abbot; Patron against rabies.
January 26: St. Polycarp: Bishop and Martyr; Patron against earache.
January 26: St. Antiolus: Bishop; Patron against deafness.
January 27: St. John Chrysostum: Bishop; Patron of preachers and orators.
January 29: St. Francis de Sales: Bishop; Patron of Catholic writers, of newspapers, and of the deaf.
January 30: St. Adelgundis: Patroness against cancer.
January 31: St. John Bosco: Patron of Catholic Action.
January 31: St. Tryphaenes: Martyr; Patroness of nursing women and of cows.

THREE GRADES OF CATHOLICS

(Young Women and Love)

D. F. MILLER

GRADE A

1. Believes that love is important for a happy marriage, but must be subordinate to character, religion, etc.
2. Loves chastity far more than anybody's friendship; quickly breaks with any boyfriend who demands sensual liberties.
3. Sincerely believes that there cannot be true happiness in marriage where there is difference of religion; goes "steady" only with a Catholic or a man interested in becoming one.
4. If she becomes engaged, it is only after sufficient time to permit a sound judgment of the man's character, and careful consideration of the responsibilities of marriage.
5. Knows that marriage is designed for children; wants children and makes sure her fiancé wants them; hates contraception after marriage as much as impurity before.
6. Has a happy home, a large family, a peaceful conscience, a faithful husband, and heaven in the end.

GRADE B

1. Lightmindedly goes along without thinking much about marriage, until love comes along and sweeps her off her feet.
2. Would like to be chaste, but cannot resist the appeal of a certain amount of borderline petting, nor the sensual demands of someone she likes very much.
3. Would prefer to marry one of her own faith, but makes no distinction among boy-friends. If she falls in love with a non-Catholic, their marriage will "be an exception to the general rule."
4. Usually becomes engaged before she knows it, and only afterward begins to think of the responsibilities of marriage and the fitness of herself and partner to carry them out together.
5. Is not very anxious to have any children while she is still young and capable of a good time. Will probably compromise with her conscience and have a hard time with confession.
6. After marriage, becomes a rather indifferent Catholic, a worldly and ambitious mother, and a dubious gamble as to the salvation of her soul.

GRADE C

1. Believes that love, in the sense of infatuation or attraction, is everything; nothing else is important.
2. Believes that sinful petting, sensual love-making, free indulgence in passion, are good means of holding boy-friends and having a good time.
3. Scoffs at the idea that the question of religion should enter into the conditions of marriage. Thinks a mixed marriage as good if not better than a marriage of two Catholics so long as there is "love."
4. Jumps at the first offer of marriage made by a man to whom she is attracted, without consideration of his faults, weaknesses, or vices.
5. Even before marriage has "decided" that the Catholic Church is all wrong about birth-control; openly proclaims that she will have not more than two children, and those later on.
6. After marriage, usually loses her faith, her husband, her peace of mind, her soul and the souls of her children.

PLANT OF THE PLASTICS

Strange that a very ancient oriental grain should become in modern times a raw-material for America's manufacturers!

F. B. BOCKWINKEL

ASH trays, lamp shades, and vacuum cleaners are some of the many household appliances which have been found in ever increasing number in war-time America's department stores. These plastic by-products made from the oil and meal of the soybean, used in the home as well as in the factory as substitutes for other unobtainable material, are providing the nation's correspondents with plentiful matter for leading articles. In the wake of all this widespread publicity a certain gentleman of the press asked not long ago why the Naval authorities did not demand that the new warships of the American fleet be constructed of "soybean iron." Few people will go so far as to profess the belief that plastics are durable enough to float a battleship, nor will they state that the soybean is a cure-all for the shortages of the present crisis. But both soybeans and plastics are providing relief to manufacturer and purchaser alike in these unsettled times.

Soybeans are perhaps one of the oldest crops cultivated by man. Long before people began to keep written records the soybean was valued as food and was wisely cultivated. The Asiatic countries considered it one of their principle legumes. Attired in their regal robes, the emperors of China took part in an annual ceremony in which the soybean was sown. Such royal splendor was occasioned by the fact that the soybean was regarded as one of the five grains essential to the existence of China's civilization. In the year 2838 B.C. the first written record was made of this valuable plant by Sheng Nung and lovers of poetry will find songs of ancient bards telling of its services to humanity.

GERMAN botanist, Enelebert Kaempfer, after a two-year sojourn in Japan, 1691-1692, A.D., first brought the news of the soybean to Europe. France was informed of this bean in 1740 when the French missionaries in China sent some of the soybeans to their mother country. In 1790 the Royal Botanical Gardens of England put the soybean on display for the British public.

THE LIGURIAN

But the greatest impetus to the cultivation of the soybean in Europe was given by a Viennese Scientist, Friederich Haberlandt. It was due to his untiring research work and the publication of his detailed findings that the importance of the soybean was made known to Europeans. Haberlandt's fondest dreams of making the soybean a staple product of the European farmer were not fulfilled because the climatic conditions in Europe are not very favorable to this plant.

First mention of the soybean in American literature was made by a certain James Mease in 1804. He considered it especially adapted to the state of Pennsylvania, though later findings have proved that the North Central States are more adapted to its growth. But in those early days the soybean was looked upon as a botanical freak and much less attention was given to it than to other crops which subsequent history has proved to be of little or no value to the American people.

Near the end of the last century many of the United States Agricultural experiment stations began to experiment with soybeans. Various findings were published with the result that great amounts and varieties were imported from the Asiatic countries in order to introduce the crop into this country. Once begun, seed production in the United States increased by leaps and bounds from three million bushels in 1920 to fifty seven million bushels in 1938, sufficient proof of its importance as a staple American farm product.

Today soybean can truly be called the wonder-plant of America. It will grow in arid land; it is an annual crop which is self-pollinated; and its ability to extract nitrogen out of the air enables it to enrich the land in which it grows. When crushed the soybean is rich in its yield of oil which has become almost indispensable to the paint industry; its meal is an important ingredient of nearly all plastics; and finally, good silage for the farmer's live-stock is made from the remainder of the plant. No crop gives such a maximum of service with such a minimum of care!

When the factories of Henry Ford were turning out the V 8 in the peaceful times preceding Pearl Harbor the soybean was used extensively in its manufacture. In the year 1939 his own project of experimenting with raw material led him to choose the soybean as the most useful and desirable. That year, in order to determine which was the most profitable in the yield of by-products for the automobile, he grew nearly eighty-two thousand bushels of this precious plant.

A large soybean extractor in the Ford plant separates the oil from

THE LIGURIAN

the meal of the bean and both of the extractions are used on Ford's products. When the cars pass their final test the soybean has had much to do with their appearance. The shiny, long-life enamel made from the soybean oil gives the Ford what the advertisers call the aristocratic look of a higher priced car, while inside are many plastic parts, such as the steering wheel, the knobs of the dashboard, the accelerator pedal, all made from the meal of the soybean.

PROBABLY the most versatile materials in the world today are the plastics that are made up of the soybean and other plant-extractions. These synthetic creations of twentieth century chemists are being used for innumerable articles of wearing apparel, household appliances, and especially as substitutes for the present day hard-to-get materials. Due to the work of these chemists the soybean has been proved the most chemically favored farm material for the development of the plastics.

The colorful helmets now worn by many All-American football players on college gridirons are made of plastic. Telephones, portable radios, fruit juice extractors, and even window blinds are some of the many household commodities now being produced from the one time sacred grain of ancient China. Plastic material was the base of many articles given as Christmas presents last year. Among them were billfolds, key rings, suspenders, wrist bands, tobacco pouches, trimmings for ladies hats and gloves, and jewelry.

In defense-work, plastics are being substituted for metal in many small parts of airplane structure. Bombing planes have plastic gun turrets and observation hatches. Radio masts and fusilages are also being constructed of this material which is not only saving in weight but also in time and cost. Fluorescent materials are inserted into plastic panels to provide the cockpit of American bombers with a soft, steady light which lessens the danger of night-flying and at the same time affords visibility to our pilots while they remain invisible to the enemy. This same combination of materials will be of great assistance to the American people in the event that black-outs become more common.

No longer is the American housewife in danger of a great shortage of the necessary equipment which she needs to provide her husband with wholesome foods. Her home need not lack the time-saving devices that have lately come into use in the American kitchen, and the appliances which enabled her to keep her home spotless will continue to be obtained

THE LIGUORIAN

due to the all around utility of America's wonder plant. True, there is a shortage of metal, but plastics have come to the aid of the American woman. She may now buy plastic furniture, washing machines, knives, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators and light-switches. Business men can purchase plastic office equipment and cash registers.

At times the soybean has been tried as a food, but thus far not much success has been achieved in this line. Today some companies are manufacturing soy sauce, soybean flour, and breakfast foods. The diet of infants often contains a formula of gruel made from soybean meal, and a soybean bread for diabetics is also on the market. Soy sauce is a household word these days. The Asiatics call this sauce "kit jap" from whence we derive the word catsup or ketchup.

THE soybean plays an important part in American life of the twentieth century. It provides industry with oil and meal for plastics and paints; it provides the farmer with silage for his livestock and food for his soil; it provides Mr. and Mrs. America with various articles of wearing apparel as well as many convenient household appliances. It is playing a vital part in National Defense. Truly China's sacred grain has become America's wonder plant.

"Buck-Passing"

Two men, according to the story told by the *Pathfinder*, worked side by side in a War Production Board office in Washington. They never spoke, but each kept a careful eye upon the activities of the other. One man quit work daily at four o'clock, while the other toiled on till six or later.

Some months passed, and one day the harder working of the two approached the other.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but would you mind telling me how on earth you manage to clean up your work every day at four o'clock?"

"Not at all," said the other man. "When I come to a tough piece of detail, I mark it 'Refer to Commander Smith.' I figure that, in an outfit as large as this, there is sure to be a Commander Smith. And I must be right; none of those papers comes back to me."

The harder worker started to remove his coat.

"Brother," he said, "prepare for action. I'm Commander Smith."

ON SISTERS AND THEIR RETREATS

A brief glimpse into that holiest of holies — a convent of Sisters. It might also be entitled "Ten Days in a Nunnery."

E. F. MILLER

THERE are two kinds of sisters in the world. There is the kind that you have at home; and there is the kind that dwells in convents. About the latter are we concerned in this paper.

Let us suppose that you are a priest — a missionary priest — and you have been invited by Reverend Mother to come to the Convent of the Twelve Martyrs to give the nuns their annual retreat. It is summer, and all the sisters have come home, as they say, to continue their work of gathering credits from the university or within the walls of the convent itself, of studying Liturgy and Gregorian Chant, of renewing old friendships, and especially of making their yearly retreat.

Reverend Mother had quite a time making up her mind about you before she sent you the invitation. Last year the retreat master *read* all his conferences and meditations out of a tattered-looking copy book; and the unfortunate part of it was, he was not even a good reader. He was constantly losing his place in the copy book. The year before that, the retreat master talked too long. No conference was shorter than an hour, with the result that the sisters had little time for anything except attendance at the conferences. Although the sisters in their charity had said nothing, Reverend Mother knew that they were not very impressed by what they had heard and seen.

And so, you were turned inside out before you got your call. It happened this way. Some shreds of rumor about you had reached the convent ears in the course of the previous year. You had preached a retreat to the Sisters of Heavenly Rest. One of the sisters of that well-known Order later on attended the university where she met a sister from the convent of which we are speaking. One day the conversation between these two sisters fell on retreats, and the Heavenly Rest sister spoke of you in words of high esteem. "He's such a wonderful retreat master" she said. "So spiritual; so inspiring." This bit of news was carried home, with the result that you received an invitation from Reverend Mother asking you to conduct the exercises. You wrote back

THE LIGURIAN

and said you would be pleased to help out in any way you could. And so the contract was made.

THE time has now come to fulfill the contract. You bundle up your sketches, take a train and in due time arrive at your destination. A man by the name of George meets you at the depot, picks up your bag and leads you to a large Buick, now several years old, which is used (you learn from George) for the carrying of sisters in large crowds to and from the station, to nearby towns on business, and for sundry other chores which sisters are wont to do in a body. Attending educational conventions is one such chore. Going to the dentist and the doctor is another such chore.

Large motherhouses are generally out in the country. This one is no exception. Thus it takes you a little while before you reach the scene of your prospective activities. At last the front door portals rise before you. George stops the car, grabs your suitcase before you can seize it yourself, and in spite of your protests, and leads the way to the foyer. With a bow he leaves you.

Two things strike your notice immediately, once you are inside the door. The first is the spaciousness of the foyer. It is filled with potted plants that look as though they had been washed no later than this morning. The walls are covered with gleaming and large-sized paintings of bishops, monsignori, priests and sisters, the latter undoubtedly the mother generals of the past few decades, painted by a sister with talent along those lines. The ceilings are high and the corridors vast, which fact gives you a feeling that you are on sacred ground, in a sanctuary. Indeed you are in a sanctuary, although the real sanctuary is to be found only when the whole foyer has been traversed and the chapel doors flung open. The faint glow of the red lamp can be seen from where you stand, for at the moment the doors of the chapel are open.

The second thing to strike your notice is the cleanliness of the place. You have just come from a men's monastery wherein no feminine foot is allowed to trespass. The surface of objects is kept quite dustless in your home, for brothers are constantly moving mops and brooms about the corridors. But the result effected is nothing like what you see here. In this convent everything positively shines. You can see your image in the terrazzo floors as well as in the crocks that hold the plants. You have a feeling that were you to remove the painted pictures

THE LIGURIAN

from the walls, you would find their backs as spotless as their fronts. You tread lightly (in a subconscious sort of way) lest you scratch the floors, or let fall upon it a thread from off your coat. Your shoes seemed awfully unshined and your face unshaved. With halting steps you move forward.

IT IS at this moment that you meet the portress. She is a rather ancient sister (although it is next to impossible to tell whether a nun is young or old or in the middle), with a smiling countenance and an humble air that is utterly sincere. You introduce yourself as Father Caius, the retreat master. Forthwith she leads you down through the glistening foyer to a suite of rooms just off the chapel. The blinds are down, of course, to keep out the sun. Sister Portress raises the blinds and opens the windows wide. Then she says: "Mother will be here immediately," and departs. You crack a joke as she goes, at which she laughs, even though the joke is only a pun and not a very good one at that. You do not feel exactly at your ease.

You have a chance now to study the apartment that you will be occupying for the following nine or ten days. Softly you whistle to yourself. Your living-room is beautiful. Scattered about in perfect order are chairs soft and deep, and beckoning even in their inanimity. In their midst there is a handsome and shining desk covered with a blotter-pad, correspondence paper adorned with the title of the convent, and the necessary accoutrement for writing: pens, pencils, ink. Next to these items are copies of the rules and constitutions of the Order for which you are to work. In the corner of the room there is a bookcase, in which, you note at once, are such masterpieces as Franz Werfel's *Song of Bernadette*, Maynard's *Apostle of Charity*, and so on — books that you've been wanting to read for a long time, but never had the chance or time. You foresee for yourself an orgy of book-reading during the coming week. On a table nearby are cigars, cigarettes and matches.

You go into the bedroom. Here everything is just as it should be too. Comb and brush are on the dresser; a bathrobe hangs on a hook on the wall; and beneath the bed are slippers. All things are in perfect order and so arranged as to consult your comfort and convenience. You wonder if some mistake has been made. Perhaps the sisters have you mixed up with the bishop. You do not feel worthy or deserving

THE LIGURIAN

of such high attention. You stand and ponder. While in that posture and position, you hear a gentle knock on the door of your living room. It is Reverend Mother.

"Good afternoon, Mother," you say. "As you see, I arrived safely."

"Good afternoon, Father," she answers. "We are glad to have you with us. The sisters are anxiously awaiting their retreat."

"Won't you sit down?" you ask.

Reverend Mother sits down, but not all the way. She clings to the edge of the chair, and dangles there. While conversation is in the making, you notice that she is a mature woman, cultured in appearance and with kindness in her eyes. You know that she must be efficient and strong-minded; else, she would not be occupying the high position that her fellow-sisters have given her. Yet looking at her, you have a vague impression that she wouldn't say boo to a burglar. She has, through constant attention to the spiritual life, gained perfect mastery over herself; and this is apparent in her every word and action, in her very bearing and demeanor.

"We have a guest room in the convent," she says. "But it's not nearly as nice as this room. This is the bishop's room. We hope you don't mind."

"Mind?" you cry. "The only difficulty is, it's going to make it hard for me to die — if I have many rooms like this one in my life."

Reverend Mother smiles at that. "As to the order of the retreat," she goes on, "Sister Amabilis will bring you the schedule. And incidentally, Sister Amabilis will take care of you. If there is anything you need or want, don't hesitate a minute to ask for it. Anything — remember. The daily order of the retreat is quite usual. But if you wish to change some of the hours for the services, it is entirely up to you."

"I'm sure everything will be fine," you say. "No changes will be necessary."

REVEREND MOTHER now takes her departure, and you set about unpacking your grip, and tidying up yourself for your first appearance. While you are engaged in this task, Sister Amabilis steals into the room, bearing in her hands a tray on which stand a bottle of soda pop, a glass and a dish of fruit. She puts down her tray on a table prepared just for that, and pours you a drink. As you are taking

THE LIGUORIAN

it, she presents you with the schedule for the retreat. It reads something like this:

- 5:00 Rise
- 5:20 Morning Prayer
- 5:50 Holy Communion and Holy Mass
- 8:15 Conference
- 10:30 Conference
- 11:45 Particular Examen
- 12:00 Dinner
- 2:00 Visitation and Vespers
- 3:00 Conference
- 4:00 Matins and Lauds
- 5:30 Conference
- 6:00 Rosary and Benediction
- 6:30 Supper

That's not bad at all, you tell yourself. Four talks a day, and each one at a most reasonable hour. You recall the retreats you gave in which you began the day's labors by giving a talk at 5:30 in the morning. You never seemed to be able to rouse yourself to a very high pitch of enthusiasm at so early an hour. A kind of drowsiness hung over your words like a fog, which had its effect on the attention of the sisters. Only an occasional shout would sweep the cobwebs from drooping eyelids and the dreams from heavy heads. But this is fine. You take up again your unpacking, running over in your mind your points for the first conference.

THE retreat gets under way at the appointed time, after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Some two hundred sisters sit before you, waiting for your words. You hope that there won't be too many sisters with pads and pencils, ready to take down all you say, for if there are, you'll feel as though you are giving dictation; and then you can't be as free in your raptures as otherwise you might be. You'll have to watch your divisions and logic more closely. You look around. You see only a few pads and pencils. So you begin. The sisters prove themselves to be a most malleable audience, tittering at your oddities of expressions, laughing at your simple little jokes and listening intently to all you have to say. You comment to yourself that they are certainly perfect ladies, for even though they may not like what you are saying or the way in which you are saying it, they do not show by a gesture or a single look their displeasure.

THE LIGURIAN

When you come to the end of your talk, they file out of the chapel as softly and silently as shadows on the floor. And so it is throughout the whole retreat. From all the noise you do not hear, you would be led to believe that you were the only one in the vast convent. And yet, surrounding you are over two hundred sisters. They make a retreat as a retreat should be made.

WELL, the retreat finally comes to an end. The confessions are heard and only one talk remains to be given. You sit in your room and draw up your conclusions. You draw up only one conclusion, and it is this. There may not be many canonized saints in the modern era. But there are saints nevertheless. Where are they? They are in the convents. And if there is anyone who would deny this statement, let him give a retreat to the sisters. There he will find out the truth.

In Need of Glasses

A Springfield optometrist, according to the *Wanderer*, was examining a country youth who was about to be inducted into the army, and wanted to pass the literacy as well as the physical test. Every pair of glasses and every type of lens in the office was tried on the boy, but to no avail. He could not read even the largest letters on the chart. Finally in desperation the doctor took him to the door of the office and asked him to read the letters on a big electric sign across the street. Still the boy failed. "What's the matter," the doctor asked. "Can't you even see the letters?" "Ya, suh," was the reply, "but ah cain't *read* 'em. That's why ah come here to you, to get a pa'r of *readin'* glasses."

Retort

The social worker sadly spoke
Unto the rocking Irish mother:
"Of all the fads that science broke! —
To these five tots why add another?"

The mother clasped the youngest one
And answered her remonstrance:
"I'd rather have them on my lap
Than have them on my conscience."

— Alfred Herbert, Jr.

FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

D. F. MILLER

Complaint: My wife doesn't want to keep the promises she made when we were married — that she would bring up all our children in the Catholic faith. She is a non-Catholic and she is going back on her word. What can I do to hand down my faith to the children when their mother has turned out to be what she is?

Solution: The Catholic man who deliberately enters into marriage with a non-Catholic thereby asks for trouble and thereafter usually gets it in abundant measure. He has only himself to blame. He permitted an infatuation to blind him to the fact that, even with the sincerest good will in the world and the strictest sense of fidelity to promises, a non-Catholic mother cannot impart a thorough-going Catholic education to her children. She has none of the essential equipment for the task. But when elementary good will and fidelity to promises are lacking in the wife, the Catholic husband and father is almost in the position of a man standing helpless on the high bank of a river and watching someone he loves being swept by the irresistible current of the river toward a roaring falls.

If he comes to his senses after such a marriage (he was out of his senses when he entered it) the Catholic husband and father will find peace of conscience only by heroic efforts. He will have to build up his own faith and religious practice to a point where it will become an overwhelming example to the children. He should become almost a daily communicant; he must so thoroughly inform himself on matters of his faith that even in the short periods in which he is able to influence the children he will be able to impress upon their minds the logic and certainty of his religion; he must now combine infinite patience in bearing the contradictions of his home life with unlimited zeal to make his wife see where she is doing wrong. The way is not easy. The majority of such victims of mixed marriage cannot take it, their children are lost to the faith, and their own faith grows weaker through the years. Only by true heroism can the mistake originally made be rectified and spiritual happiness salvaged for all.

THE WHY OF WAR

A few things every soldier, and every soldier's mother, should know in the seeming darkness of the present hour.

D. F. MILLER

"LISTEN, Chaplain," said the young lieutenant, one of four officers who sat around the dimly lit quarters of the training post after the day's exertions, "You're supposed to know most of the answers. Tell us what you think is the fundamental explanation of this war. We're going to entrain in a few days. We'll be on our way to a battlefield somewhere. Some of us won't come back. What's it all about?"

"I think," said the Chaplain, "as good an answer as any to that question, apart from politics and international relations, etc., can be found in the words of the private who came to me today and said: 'Chaplain, can you teach me a little religion in a hurry? I used to think I would never need any. I used to think I was going to be too busy all my life to worry about religion. But this business of going out where the bullets are flying has got me thinking. If I'm going to die I'd like to have an idea of what's coming up on the other side.' There's your answer."

"How does that answer?" asked the captain in the group.

"In this way," said the Chaplain. "The whole trend of most people's thoughts before the war was away from what's on the other side of death and solely toward making life more pleasant on this side. They would adopt any means for that. They were content to let death take care of itself, when it came — which it can't. It can be taken care of only by one's life. This upside-down view of things, this placing of the cart before the horse, this squandering of an eternity for a few husks of time, finally induced Providence to wrench people out of their foolishness by bringing them up sharply against death in a thousand forms. That, I believe, is fundamentally the reason why God is permitting this universal war."

"Then," said the lieutenant, "you don't consider death — even violent death — such a terrible evil."

"It is terrible, relatively speaking. Violent death was not intended to be the ordinary lot of man. But in comparison with the evil of a man's missing the whole purpose of his life and in the end dying like an

animal that he may live and suffer among devils forever, even violent death has much to be said for it. Only the same crooked, upside-down sense of values that prevailed before the war can fail to see that. How much better for the private who came to me today to learn, under the incentive of the danger of death, what he was made for in eternity and to start working for it, and then to be violently killed, than to go through seventy or eighty years of life with never a thought of what he'll be up against after he dies. Surely you can see that."

"**B**UT were people so completely forgetful of life's meaning that they had to be plunged into all this murder and horror to learn it?" asked the lieutenant.

"Let's not deceive ourselves, fellows. We lived in a pretty rotten world. There were three classes of people in that world. There were the good people — a goodly number too — but by all measurements a pitiable minority. Yes, and a rather laughed at minority. They were considered too simple, too unworldly, too strict with themselves to get along prosperously and successfully according to the latest standards. These would have saved their souls without the terrible lessons of a war. And they could have saved the world from war if they hadn't been considered so simple and foolish and behind-the-times. Then there were the downright evil people — the legion of already lost souls, except for miracles of grace. There were many grades of them. Racketeers, murderers, gangsters, thugs, of course. Hollywood's playboys and glamor girls, with their despicable double lives, conforming to the rules of human censors on the screen, but conforming to no law of man or God in their private affairs. Adultery, debauchery, drunkenness, divorce — they indulged them all, only they didn't always call them by such names. Their greatest genius was that of finding respectable names for rotten sins. Then there were the innumerable hypocrites. We had them everywhere. In politics it was those who publicly and eloquently expressed a love of religion and democracy, but privately grew rich on prostitution, illegal gambling, bribery and corruption in a thousand forms. In business, it was the eminently respectable monopolist, the civic-spirited sweat-shop operator, the soft-spoken cheater of all his competitors and associates by underhand methods and contracts. In private lives, it was the selfish father and the inhuman mother, who couldn't have more children because it would interfere with their social life, their sporting life, their

night life, and who couldn't give any moral or religious training to the children they accidentally did have because they didn't have any to give. Even in religion we had them, for the whitened sepulchres are always with us. All these formed the second class. It is doubtful whether Providence intended the lessons of war for the majority of these. War as a punishment — yes, and as a momentary preview of God's ultimate wrath. But as a lesson — I doubt, because most of them seem too far gone to learn. The war is a year old, and every day uncovers new trickeries in politics, new crooked deals in business (even in the business of making bombs and bullets for somebody's murder) and a new high in Hollywood's divorces and crimes."

"What is your third class?" asked the captain.

"The third class is that of the millions who are like the private who came to me today. They are the ones whose souls can be salvaged by the awakening brought about by war. They are the people who have not abandoned their fundamental sense of responsibility, but who have been robbed of the development of that responsibility by the evil forces in their environment. The only thing their parents, their teachers, their betters all along the line, ever told them was that they must be a success in this world, they must make money or become famous or be socially prominent. If they had half a chance they would have been glad to learn that all this is both foolish and futile. God is now giving them their chance. Thousands will learn it and die as they learn it, and thus will be saved for happiness forever. Other thousands will learn it and live to practice it for many years. And they will have God and the war to thank for it, not the teachers who had the first obligation of imparting the truth. Faced with the possibility of sudden and violent death, they will say to themselves: 'The other side of death is more important than this side; I will never forget that any more.'"

"**B**UT doesn't it seem rather callous," said the lieutenant, "to burden good people with the suffering they have to endure in a war, for the sake of punishing bad people and waking up indifferent people who could really find out the truth in some other way? I'm thinking particularly of the many good mothers who suffer more than their soldier-sons who actually die in the war."

"No," said the Chaplain, "I can't agree with you. It seems callous only if we underestimate the value of one soul and if we forget how

almost impossible it was for most people to escape from the philosophy of their environment in time of peace. Usually the good mother who loses a son is the first to see that his death insured his salvation, which is the most important thing in her eyes, and most probably was the instrument of saving others as well. It is the bad mother, the mother who belongs in the second class I mentioned before, who carries on hysterically and hopelessly over the loss of her son. For instance, the bitterest and most rebellious mothers over the loss of a son (both in peace and in war) I have ever met were those who had deliberately and by means directly contrary to God's clear law, chosen to have only one or two children. When war or accident takes such a son, the mother often goes all but insane in her grief. To me that is a sign of such hardened guilt, such estrangement from God, that no cure, barring the supernatural, seems possible. The hysteria of grief is God's punishment of the mother in this life, where the less violent sorrow of penance for sin (combined with the human grief of loss) would be a sign of a cure. And always the hopeless grief of the hardened is an added lesson to others not to think that there is any hope possible in rebellion against God."

"Really," said the captain, "you seem to have this thing figured out. The key to it all is the necessity of saving one's soul, which was the first lesson we all learned in school. No good is important, no loss irreparable, in relation to that, not even all the good destroyed and damage done by war. But what will you answer to those who say that this philosophy is essentially a philosophy of death—or rather of constant preparation for death, without much thought of the blessings of life? It doesn't contain much guidance or concern for bettering this world, preventing wars, safeguarding peace, and the like aims."

"I'm ashamed of you, captain," said the Chaplain, "unless you are merely quoting one of your perverted fellow-officers. The whole point of our discussion is this, that Providence permits war and all the death and destruction of war, to remind people that they shall have peace and reasonable prosperity on earth only when they are keeping the laws that make a good death in any circumstances possible. Read history and you will find that wars always came when a great many people were forgetting God, therefore forgetting heaven and hell, therefore forgetting the laws whose observance makes for a good death and also a peaceful life. War is always the outcome of rebellion against God

THE LIGUORIAN

in peace. Peace and the blessings of peace are the fruits of fidelity to God. If anybody tries to tell you that we Catholics are only concerned with eternity and heaven, tell him, 'for heaven's sake,' that we have, in the fidelity to God which we preach and try to practice, the only means of peace in this world."

"Hoping You Are the Same —"

The following letter, written by a young soldier aboard a transport to his parents, and quoted by the *Typographical Journal*, may not contain much news, but it is a very model of discretion:

Dear Folks:

I'm censored —
Can't write a thing
Except that I'm swell —
And sign my name;
Can't say when it's sunny
Can't say when it rains,
All military secrets
Must secrets remain.
Don't know when I'll land —
I couldn't inform you
If met by a band;
Can't say where we sailed from,
Can't mention the date,
And can't even number
The meals we ate.
Can't keep a diary,
For such is a sin,
Can't keep the envelopes
Your letters come in;
Can't have a flashlight
To guide me at night,
Can't even smoke a Lucky
Except out of sight.
Don't know for sure,
Folks, just what I can do
Except stamp this letter
And send it to you.

THE ARRIVAL OF MISS HOOPER

You cannot exactly blame Mr. Chirper, but his story does strengthen the old adage about tomorrow's troubles.

L. G. MILLER

MR. CHARLES CHIRPER arrived at the station a full half hour before his train was due to leave, boarded it, and carefully deposited his brief case and three precious packages on a vacant seat. He then straightened up, breathed a sigh of relief, and went out into the station where he might smoke a cigarette and observe the holiday crowds.

He was a mild and dapper little man, was Chirper, not handsome, but pleasant in feature and well groomed in appearance. He had on over his blue business suit a brown overcoat with a suspicion of lighter brown lines running through its weave, and visible through his half turned up coat collar was a polka dot necktie. On his head was a brown hat with just a faint hint of jauntiness in its cut. These items represented for Mr. Chirper something in the nature of a sartorial splurge, for he was, as we have stated, a very quiet-mannered and modest little man, with a very warm heart and a degree of culture which the higher education had not brought him, but which surpassed the culture of many persons with letters behind their names.

It was the beginning of the holiday season, and Mr. Chirper was leaving the city for his snug little home in the suburbs with a feeling of modest rapture in his heart. At his home he knew there would be waiting for him his wife, a buxom, rosy-cheeked little woman who had round the secret of happiness in the performance of her domestic round of duties. She had met her future spouse when both he and she were past the reputed age for romance, and after a quiet courtship, they had been married in Mrs. Chirper's parish church. Their engagement and wedding had not merited announcements in the society pages, but that fact had not served to lessen their happiness to any noticeable extent. And they *were* happy, as far as two people can be happy in this world of pleasant and unpleasant occurrences, people who are not so sure or fond of their own opinions as to be unable to modify or sacrifice them in the interests of peace.

Their happiness had been greatly increased two years after their

marriage when Mrs. Chirper had given birth to twins, a boy and a girl, who immediately and thereafter became the modest pride and joy of their parents' lives. Mr. Chirper's heart was glowing as he stood in the station and watched the holiday crowds swirl around him. What a wonderful effect Christmas has upon people, was his unoriginal reflection. Everyone here in the station is smiling, Christmas greetings are being exchanged on all sides, and not a trace of impatience or unkindness is to be seen. Then suddenly he thought of Miss Hooper, and his happiness became tinged with a little anxiety and doubt.

MISS Hooper was a schoolteacher in the East, a girlhood chum of his wife. The two women had been carrying on an intermittent correspondence through the years since Mr. and Mrs. Chirper had been married, and Miss Hooper had been repeatedly promising to pay them a visit. Now at last she had found the opportunity to do so, and had written that they could expect her arrival a day or two before Christmas. Mr. Chirper had never seen Miss Hooper, and this was what was causing a little worry and dismay. For although he was normally the most hospitable of men, he had set his heart on celebrating Christmas with his family alone. Besides, he had had some experience with schoolteachers, and suppose this one should turn out to be like some he had known — severely intellectual and with a rather sharp and acid outlook upon life. Suppose she were like that?

Mr. Chirper sighed and threw away his cigarette. It was no use picturing the worst to himself; in fact, he felt ashamed at imputing qualities to Miss Hooper of which very probably she was entirely guiltless. Slowly he made his way to the train. It would be a queer thing, he thought, if Miss Hooper were on this very train. He looked curiously at the people streaming into the cars, and congratulated himself on having secured a seat. When the conductor's All Aboard sounded through the misty air of the station, he mounted the steps of his car.

As he approached his seat, he was surprised to find it occupied by a large and determined-looking lady who held her purse firmly in two hands as if afraid someone would try to snatch it from her grasp at any moment. A pair of glasses rested firmly on the bridge of her nose, with no other visible means of support, and about her mouth there was an expression which said plainly: "I'll stand for no nonsense!" She had removed her coat and deposited it on the seat beside her along

with two paper parcels. As for Mr. Chirper's bag and parcels, which he had left upon the seat, they were nowhere to be seen. Pausing in the aisle, Mr. Chirper coughed apologetically, but the determined-looking lady only gave him a stony glance and made no movement to remove the impedimenta from the seat beside her. Mr. Chirper looked desperately around the car, but the holiday travelers, it seemed, had taken possession of every seat save this one. There was nothing to do but brave out the situation as best he could.

"Is this seat taken?" he asked, with a propitiatory smile. The determined lady looked at him, compressed her lips, sighed, and then said: "No, it isn't," in a disappointed tone of voice. "Would you please put my things in the rack?"

The baggage rack was almost full, but Mr. Chirper managed to find a place for the belongings of his companion. As he disposed of the lady's coat, a sudden feeling of dismay swept over him. There was a large woman's valise in the rack just over his companion's head, and on it were inscribed the initials: E. H. "What if H stands for Hooper!" was the dreadful thought that entered Mr. Chirper's mind. The lady who had calmly dispossessed him of his seat might be the redoubtable Miss Hooper herself! And if she was capable of appropriating a person's place on the train, she was capable of anything. The prospect was so dismaying that Mr. Chirper stood as one paralyzed, and finally the lady exclaimed in surprise: "Well, what's the matter?"

Mr. Chirper recovered himself with some confusion, and murmured: "I — ah — I was looking for my baggage. My things were on the seat here. Have you perhaps seen them?"

"Oh yes, there were some things here, weren't there?" said the woman, calmly. "I had the porter put them away. Oh porter, come here!" This last was spoken in a loud tone of voice which reached the length of the car and caused the porter to come quickly to the scene. "Porter," went on the lady, fixing him with a severe gaze, "what have you done with this gentleman's baggage?"

"What have ah done with his baggage? I ain't done nothin' with it. No ma'am."

"Now, porter, don't be evasive. You must have done something with it. I told you to put it away. Where did you put it, porter?" The lady was evidently one of those persons who find it impossible to speak softly, and Mr. Chirper squirmed uncomfortably as he saw that the scene was

THE LIGURIAN

attracting the amused attention of their fellow passengers. The porter looked at Mr. Chirper.

"What did your baggage look like, suh?" he asked.

"Well, there was a black brief-case and three packages."

"Oh, yes, I put them right across the aisle, suh. Here they are. Do you want me to take them down now?"

"No, no," said Mr. Chirper hastily. "I just wanted to know where they were." The porter's teeth gleamed in a sudden smile. He glanced at Mr. Chirper's companion, and then looked at Mr. Chirper himself. It was a look that bespoke brotherly understanding.

THE train by this time was well under way, and Mr. Chirper settled back in his seat to nurse his misery. He could not be sure of the lady's identity, but the very possibility of her being Miss Hooper was disturbing. He closed his eyes, and was only vaguely aware that the lady beside him was fumbling around the seat as if searching for something. Finally her distress became so noticeable that he sat up, prepared to render some assistance. But the lady, it was evident, was quite able to take care of herself. The porter was passing along the aisle, and as he approached their seat, she fixed him with an accusing stare.

"Porter," she said, "I had a magazine when I came into this car. Do you know what has become of it?"

"No, ma'am. Hain't seen no magazine at all. No ma'am."

"But it was right here on the seat, porter, said the lady seemingly entirely unconvinced. "Are you sure you didn't pick it up?"

"What sort of magazine was it, ma'am?"

"The *Ladies' Home Journal*."

"No, ma'am, didn't take no Journal. Didn't take no magazine at all."

The determined-looking lady tapped her foot on the floor and appeared to be very much annoyed, while the porter shifted his weight in embarrassment.

"P'haps you left it in your bag, lady?" he ventured, hopefully.

"Don't be ridiculous, porter. It was right here in the seat, I tell you. However, you may take down my valise." The porter pulled down the bag with the initials E.H. upon it. Mr. Chirper stood up politely, and the porter deposited the bag upon the seat. With an air of hopelessness, the lady proceeded to open it. There, resting neatly on top of her clothes, was the missing magazine. Not a word was said, and Mr.

THE LIGUORIAN

Chirper and the porter did not even look at each other, but a current of mutual understanding passed between them and made them brothers. The lady, meanwhile, manifesting no embarrassment whatsoever, took the magazine, closed the grip, and then said, "You may put the grip back in the rack, porter."

THE next episode to increase Mr. Chirper's misery occurred when the conductor came along to take up the tickets. His suspicion about the lady's identity was practically turned into certainty when the conductor took the lady's ticket, punched it, and said with brisk cheerfulness: "Glenwell will be the first stop, madam." He handed over his own ticket in gloomy silence.

The train rolled along through the evening dusk, and Mr. Chirper felt the eyes of his companion upon him.

"Are you getting off at Glenwell, too?" she asked.

"Yes, I am."

"Quite a nice little place, I understand. I've never been there before, myself." Mr. Chirper felt the net drawing a little more closely about him, but some instinct made him shrink from revealing his identity before it was absolutely necessary.

"Oh, yes," he said. "It's a very pleasant district. Very pleasant indeed." The lady was evidently expecting more, but no further details were forthcoming, so she next volunteered a bit of autobiography.

"I'm a schoolteacher, and it isn't often I can find the time to travel."

"Well," thought Mr. Chirper to himself, "that clinches it. She's Miss Hooper, all right." It was now plainly his duty to introduce himself, but like most timid men, he kept searching about in his mind for suitable words, meanwhile carrying on an indifferent conversation with his companion until the train finally arrived at Glenwell.

With heroic gallantry and a sinking heart, Mr. Chirper took the lady's valise along with his own brief-case and packages, and, preceded by his companion, descended to the platform. His wife had driven the car down to meet him, and he spied her immediately, with her rosy face and even rosier than usual in the sharp wintry air. With her were Jack and Joan, the twins, looking like chubby cherubs in their woolen suits. His heart sank as he waited for a look of recognition on the face of his wife when she caught sight of his companion. It did not come. Unable to grasp the situation, Mr. Chirper clung to the lady's valise, until he

heard the lady say, somewhat sharply: "Thank you, I'll take care of it now."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Mr. Chirper. Then his wife came up, and he kissed her in a fog of uncertainty.

"Isn't that lady Miss Hooper?" he asked, as the twins tugged at his overcoat.

"Miss Who?"

"Miss Hooper."

"But dear, I don't understand —"

"Miss Hooper, Miss Hooper!" repeated Mr. Chirper, with pardonable impatience. "The lady who was to spend the holidays with us."

"Oh, you mean Miss Harper. No, that's not Miss Harper. Whatever made you think it was?" Mr. Chirper felt a wave of relief sweep over him.

"Then Miss Hooper — or Harper — hasn't arrived yet?"

"No, and she isn't going to arrive. I had a letter this morning saying she had to call off her trip, due to holiday restrictions on travel."

"Good!" burst from Mr. Chirper's harried soul. "I mean," he caught himself hastily, "that's too bad, isn't it? It's tough, that's what it is." A sudden impulse seized him, and he ran after his erstwhile traveling companion.

"Pardon me," he said, breathlessly, "would you mind telling me your name?"

The lady looked at him in surprise. "Why no," she said. "It's Harris. Why do you ask?"

For once in his life, Mr. Chirper was guilty of an impoliteness. He said no word in answer, but merely seized Miss Harris' hand, and shook it violently. Then he abruptly turned away, leaving her staring after him in surprise.

"Charles!" said his wife, "you're acting very strange, I must say."

"Never mind, my dear, I'll explain it all some day," said Mr. Chirper, promising himself that he would do nothing of the kind. But to his little son Jackie whom he picked up as the family made its way out of station, he confided: "Jackie, my boy, you'll save yourself a lot of needless grief if you make it a point not to grow up to be a fool like your Dad."

Side Glances

by *The Bystander*

Over and over again, these past few weeks, we have read pronouncements of leading thinkers of the land (especially those who are dissatisfied with the way the different types of rationing are handled) to the effect that all shortage problems would be immediately settled if the spokesmen of the government would just tell the people boldly and frankly what has to be cut down for the war-effort; if they would let people's universal spirit of sacrifice operate naturally; if they would cut out the red tape and give the people a chance freely to give up their privileges and comforts. This vast confidence in the eagerness of the people to give up things when they are merely asked to do so is heartening; but we are afraid it is as unrealistic as a fairy dream.

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There is little evidence to date that the announcement of a given shortage immediately brings out the noblest instincts of sacrifice in the American people. When a shortage of sugar was first mentioned, before plans for rationing were even formulated, thousands began stocking up sugar; nobody can possibly estimate how many home-basements have hundred-pound sacks of sugar right now where there were never more than a few pounds at a time before. A very clear statement was made that there would be a tire-shortage; whoever thought that when it was finally decreed that no one could get gasoline who possessed more than five tires, the express offices would not be able to handle the day by day volume of hoarded tires that were being turned in? And since gasoline rationing began in the east, have the naïve believers in the spirit of Sacrifice latent in the American bosom read about the hundreds of convictions of drivers who got gasoline somehow, somewhere, to drive scores of miles to racetracks and other gambling and sporting events? Anybody who takes seriously the recommendation: "Just tell the people what's short, and they'll all give it up promptly," has not been living in the same world we have.

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The above examples are rather petty, but there are greater ones. The manufacturers and capitalists have been simply told that incomes above \$25,000 a year (tax-free) will be needed for the war-effort; has anybody met or read of any \$100,000 a year man who welcomed the opportunity of making the sacrifice involved to win the war? Haven't most of them rather threatened to overthrow the government (by a civil war within a world war) if the limitation were not removed? The country has been told that after the war sacrifices will still be necessary to save millions from starvation in other lands; did not the president of the National Association of Manufacturers recently state publicly that his association had no interest in making any sacrifice to feed anybody after the war, except of course themselves? And, despite all the highly paid publicity to the contrary, have there not been some rather dubious negotiations

THE LIGUORIAN

among synthetic rubber monopolists, which have contributed largely to the fact that we are in huge transportation difficulties right now?

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All this may seem pessimistic and cynical, but it is also realistic. When we analyze it, we find two dove-tailing explanations. One is the fact that Americans mistrust politics and politicians, especially when they happen to be opposed to the duly elected regime. The commonest excuse or self-defense advanced for beating priorities and evading rationing is that these things are merely a New Deal trick or a democratic political scheme or a means of graft for the men in power. "What you don't like, blame on politics," is the shibboleth of the day. There is no moral, social or economic principle that cannot be evaded by that means. The result is that everybody is out for himself, and uses moral principles only in the form of indignation against those who interfere with their so-called rights. Respect for and obedience to authority have gone with the wind because it is so convenient to say: "I did not vote for the group that holds the authority; therefore I can escape all obedience by calling them knaves, liars and fools."

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The other explanation goes deeper into the cause but issues in the same effect. It is the fact that religion plays so ineffectual a role in both the exercise of authority and the practice of obedience on the part of the people. The word "politician" has acquired a dubious meaning because there have been so many politicians who acted not on principle but on expediency alone. That stigma will be removed only when politicians become statesmen—men of principle representing the best interests of the people and absolutely incorruptible. But the politicians came from the people and reflect about as much moral principle and devotion to ideals as the people on the whole. Thus disrespect for and disobedience to duly elected authority keep neck and neck pace with misuses of authority by those in power, not because either one is justified, but because there is not enough religious motivation for the suppression of either.

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All this should not permit us to forget that the moral law does demand respect for authority that is duly constituted. In a democracy, authority is duly constituted by election. Nowhere is there any justification for the principle adopted by so many Americans that respect need be given only to those in authority for whom they happened to vote. Personally, we are thoroughly disgusted with the filthy bar-room jests, the cruelly calumnious stories, the unfounded unprovable incidents that are bandied about concerning the president of the United States and those close to him. Whether New-Deal or anti-New Deal, whether republican or democrat, whether rich or poor, every American who thinks his country worth living in should consider those who have been elected to power above this snivelling, sniping and obscene loose talk. To discuss issues in an open and intellectual way is right and good; to talk like gossiping and neurotic old women, or like peevish and pouting school-boys, is to aim shafts at the very heart of America.

Catholic Anecdotes

SECRET FOR THE DYING

IN THE year 1642 King Louis of France was dying, and St. Vincent de Paul was called upon to assist him at his deathbed. The monarch's mind was unclouded, and one day while Vincent sat at his bedside he asked him:

"What is the best preparation for death?"

"Sire," Vincent replied, "there is nothing better than the example of our Savior. His complete and perfect submission were testified in the words — 'Not My will, but Thine be done.'"

To this the King replied: "I wish with all my heart to follow Him." And he must have received his wish, because after his death Vincent wrote:

"I have never in my life seen anyone die in a more Christian fashion."

THE FAITH IN CHINA

FATHER Jerry Donovan, of Pittsburgh, was a Maryknoll missionary in China, who was killed by bandits at the age of 33. The following incident is related of his apostolate:

One day he received a message from the pagan military authorities of the town of Lin-Tao-Kou asking for information about the Christian burial service. When Father Donovan asked the reason for the question, he was told that a very brave young Christian sergeant had died at the hands of the bandits, and his superiors wanted to accord him all the rites of burial according to his religion. Father Donovan was impressed. He told the officers that he would come over and conduct the service himself.

When he arrived at the garrison he noted that a temporary pavilion had been erected in which lay the remains of the sergeant. Surrounding the coffin stood a detail of soldiers at atten-

tion. Father Donovan saw at once that it would be a perfect setting for a military funeral Mass.

When the service was over, and the body of the soldier respectfully laid away, Father Donovan gave a short sermon. He explained to the pagans the meaning of death in the eyes of the Catholic Church, and the consolations that accrue to those who are left behind if they have belief in the doctrines of Christ. When he had finished, the commanding officer approached him and said:

"It is my desire that you understand what a fine soldier the young sergeant was. With eight companions he fought bravely against a company of sixty bandits, and did not cease his efforts until he was killed. The Catholic Church, of which he was a member, can well be proud of him."

Later on the widow of the slain hero spoke to Father Donovan. "My husband had been unable to go to Mass for a long time because of his obligation to travel with the troops. But no night ever passed but that we knelt down and said our prayers together. If we were separated, we said them together in spirit. He often talked about his family in Shantung, and how his mother and father and brothers and sisters loved their Christian religion. I am taking instructions in that religion now; and I hope soon to be a Christian myself."

And so in far-off China, as in New York and Chicago and Los Angeles, Christ is making Himself known. War cannot be so bad when we have the kind and gentle Master in our midst, no matter where we may go.

HOMEBOUND

DURING the persecution of the Christians under Decius, Pope Fabian suffered a martyr's death. As the executioners came to lead him and his companions to death, one of these companions asked the soldiers anxiously:

"Tell us, where are we being taken?"

But it was the Pope who made answer.

"You want to know where we are going?" he said. "We are going home, ever home."

Pointed Paragraphs

Of Time and a New Year

"The young look forward and the old look back." The corollary of this adage is that for the young, time often drags; it seems so long to wait for plans to mature, for dreams to materialize, for the period of training and preparation to be over. For the old, time speeds; every glance forward brings a new view of inevitable death; they beg for time to be laggard, to move slowly, to stand still — but it only rushes on the faster.

There is only one way to escape these changing attitudes toward time, only one way to rise above them. That is the way of fixing one's thoughts on eternity from early youth on. This will take from the young that feverish looking forward to earthly accomplishments that lack in fulfillment what they held in anticipation. It will make them say, of the work before them each day, in a serious and yet tranquil manner: "This is my task today; doing it well will make me ready for eternity, even should I awake in eternity tomorrow."

The same attitude will remove from the old that seeming rapidity of the flight of time. It will make them say, of each moment in its passing: "This is mine; it is my life now; it is freighted with opportunity; it is part of my preparation for eternity; I shall use it well."

New year's is a good time to reset the lenses of our minds upon the relation between time and eternity. So many problems can be settled by that; so many resolutions will be included in it. A great saint was made by the axiom, which he applied to all the incidents of daily life: "What is this to eternity?" A thousand more saints will be made when a thousand more persons, old and young, determine that the value of all things will be measured by their relation to eternity.

No Time To Spare

It would be amusing, were there not a tragic side, to observe how the war effort is affecting the lives of many honest citizens of our country. Americans have never been distinguished for a love of the contemplative virtues; in fact it might almost be stated that most

THE LIGURIAN

Americans abhor inaction as nature is said to abhor a vacuum. The result of the war has been to speed up the already hypernormal activity of many to a feverish shooting out in all directions until they can scarcely find time for sleeping and eating, much less for any quiet reflection as to where we are going in such a hurry, and what we are going to do when we get there. People used to take only their breakfast standing up, but how many seem to have reached a stage where they are forced to take dinner and supper in that fashion also, ready to rush out to an air-wardens' meeting or a bundles-for-blue-jackets get-together.

Now we are not depreciating the need of haste and efficient use of time if we are to win the war in which we are engaged. Time is essential; there is nothing more certain than that. But it does seem in place to inquire whether the nation as a whole or individuals in the nation can afford to do without at least a little time for reflection and consideration.

Even in the purely secular sphere such reflection would seem to have an essential place. Wars cannot be won without fighting, but it is just as true that they cannot be won without thinking. And in a democracy such as we claim to possess, such indeed as we claim to be fighting to maintain, it will not be sufficient to let the thinking be done by those in high places. Every individual has a duty, according to his ability, to form his own thoughts on the war and on the peace which will come after it. And to do this it is essential that he take a little time from his external activities for reading and reflection.

But the need for quiet and reflection rests on a more important basis than this. We cannot hope to win the war, or achieve a just peace once it has been won, unless we have the help of God. And we will not deserve that help unless we pray for it, not just a few of us, but all of us. Donoso Cortes, a famous statesman, and one who had no particular reason for giving undue credit to the spiritual side of things, had this to say: "Those who pray do more for the world than those who combat, and if the world is getting worse, it is because there is now more fighting done than praying." Praying, it is true, cannot entirely take the place of fighting, but without prayer, our fighting is going to be worse than in vain, and therefore it is essential that in the press of our activities towards winning the war, we make provision for the intervals of quiet which prayer requires.

The Removal of War

Mr. Bruce Bliven, editor of that organ of ultra-advanced thought, the *New Republic*, has done a great service to the world. He has consulted a number of scientists and psychologists and now feels able "to offer a message of substantial hope," namely, "that there is no sound reason why wars cannot be abolished."

This consoling message was given to the world in the November *Readers' Digest* under the caption "Six Cheering Facts About The Future." The "facts" are these: 1) War does not pay, 2) pressure of population does not justify war, 3) need of raw materials does not justify war, 4) war is not justified by need of foreign markets or investments, 5) there is no instinct for war, 6) emotions can be controlled.

Mr. Bliven is, of course, a humble worshiper at the Throne of Science; he apparently is still enamoured of the tiresome theory (fashionable a half century ago) that Science contains within itself the answers to all possible questions, whether above the earth or on the earth or under the earth. Not many months ago the *Readers' Digest* carried an article of his in which he listed a number of the "unsolved problems of science." One of these problems was "the cause of the common cold," and another dealt with the origin of life. Not much more data than this is needed to form an estimate of Mr. Bliven's mentality.

In his opinion Science is completely able to do away with war. The only reason it hasn't done so thus far is that scientists haven't as yet gotten around to this particular problem. Let science once devote its full attention to the removal of this evil, and wars will soon become as extinct as the celebrated dodo.

Now it is far from our intention to minimize the accomplishments of science. But when Mr. Bliven or anyone else tries to tell us that science alone and unaided is capable of bringing lasting peace into the world, we feel urged to tell him politely but firmly that he is talking nonsense. The causes of war which he mentions are only incidental to the really fundamental reason why men take up arms against each other. The only ultimate explanation lies in the fact of original sin. Mr. Bliven would doubtless give expression to a well-bred sneer at the term, but if he reads history at all, it is hard to see how he can

believe that the removal of such causes as "population pressure" and "need of raw materials" will guarantee a peaceful future. Let him look further for the true cause—into the immortal souls of men, prone to evil because of an original catastrophe in which we all shared. If he and the scientists really want to prevent future wars, let them try, not to remove (for that is impossible), but to build upon the knowledge of that fact. And they might do worse than take as their guide the oldest and wisest institution in the world—the Catholic Church.

War and Prayer

THE LIGUORIAN continues to urge upon the American people the necessity of prayer.

Prayer is taught primarily in the Bible. On more than one occasion Our Lord told the people that if they did not pray, they could not expect to go to Heaven. "Pray, and pray always." "Ask and you shall receive." And so on. Our Lord informed His followers not only of the necessity of prayer; but He also told them how to pray; He also gave them the essentials of a worthy prayer: Faith, Confidence, Perseverance.

But Our Lord showed especially *when* His followers should pray. He showed this by focusing the attention of the men who were to write the Bible in His name on the type of person who generally was led to pray and who generally had his prayer answered. Blind men, sick men, men and women in the despair of sin, poor men, misunderstood men. The cure of these seemed to be one of the most important works of Our Lord's life. But He cured them only after they prayed.

It proves that the one time when we should pray above all other times is the time of misfortune. Our Lord knows that suffering is necessary. At the same time He is so sympathetic that He can hardly stand to see one of His children suffer without doing something to lighten the suffering.

A time of war is a time of the greatest misfortune. Why should not people, then, cry out to the Wonder Worker more than they do at any other time? Why should not Catholics attend Mass more frequently and receive Holy Communion more regularly? Perhaps that is what Our Lord wants before He will end the war.

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Prophetic Figures

All the sacrifices of the Old Law were figures of the sacrifice of our divine Redeemer, and there

From: were four kinds of
The Sacrifice these sacrifices:
of Jesus Christ namely, the sacrifices
of peace, of thanksgiving, of expiation, and of impenetration.

1. The *sacrifices of peace* were instituted to render to God the worship of adoration that is due to Him as the Sovereign Master of all things. Of this kind were the holocausts.

2. The *sacrifices of thanksgiving* were destined to give thanks to the Lord for all His benefits.

3. The *sacrifices of expiation* were established to obtain the pardon of sin. This kind of sacrifice was especially represented in the Feast of the Expiation by the emissary-goat, which, having been laden with all the sins of the people, was led forth out of the camp of the Hebrews, and afterwards abandoned in the desert to be devoured by ferocious beasts. This sacrifice was the most expressive figure of the sacrifice of the cross.

4. Finally, the *sacrifices of impenetration* had for their object to obtain from God His aid and His graces.

Now, all these sacrifices were abolished by the coming of the Redeemer, because only the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, which was a perfect sacrifice, while all the ancient sacrifices were imperfect, was sufficient to expiate all the

sins, and merit for man every grace. This is the reason why the Son of God on entering the world said to His Father: *Sacrifice and oblation thou wouldst not; but a body thou hast fitted to me. Holocausts for sin did not please thee. Then said I: Behold I come; in the head of the book it is written of me, that I should do thy will, O God.* Hence, by offering to God the sacrifice of Jesus Christ we can fulfill all our duties towards His supreme majesty, and provide for all our wants; and by this means we succeed in maintaining a holy intercourse between God and ourselves.

We must also know that the Old Law exacted five conditions in regard to the victims which were to be offered to God so as to be agreeable to Him: namely, sanctification, oblation, immolation, consumption, and participation.

1. The victim had to be *sanctified*, or consecrated to God, so that there might not be offered to Him anything that was not holy or unworthy of His majesty. Hence, the animal destined for sacrifices had to be without stain, without defect; it was not to be blind, lame, weak, nor deformed, according to what was prescribed in the Book of Deuteronomy. This condition intimated that such would be the Lamb of God, the victim promised for the salvation of the world; that is to say, that He would be holy and exempt from every defect. We are thereby instructed that our

prayers, and our other good works are not worthy of being offered to God, or at least can never be fully agreeable to Him, if they are in any way defective. Moreover, the animal thus sanctified could no longer be employed for any profane usage, and was regarded as a thing consecrated to God in such a manner that only a priest was permitted to touch it.

2. The victim had to be *offered* to God; this was done by certain words that the Lord Himself had prescribed.

3. It had to be *immolated*, or put to death; but this immolation was not always brought about by death, properly so-called: for the sacrifice of the loaves of proposition, or show-bread, was accomplished, for example, without using iron or fire, but only by means of the natural heat of those who ate of them.

4. The victim had to be *consumed*. This was done by fire. The sacrifice in which the victim was entirely consumed by fire was called *holocaust*. The victim was thus entirely annihilated in order to indicate by this destruction the unlimited power that God had over all His creatures, and that as He created them out of nothing, so He can reduce them to the nothingness from which they came. In fact, the principal end of the sacrifice is to acknowledge God as a sovereign Being, so superior to all things that everything before Him is purely nothing: for all things are nothing in presence of Him who possesses all things in Himself. The smoke that came from this

sacrifice and arose in the air signified that God received it as a sweet odor, — that is to say, with pleasure, — as is written of the sacrifice of Noe: *Note . . . offered holocausts upon the altar, and the Lord smelled a sweet savor.*

5. All the people, together with the priest, had to be partakers of the victim, hence, in the sacrifices, excepting the holocaust, the victim was divided into three parts, one part of which was destined for the priest, one for the people, and one for the fire. This last part was regarded as belonging to God, who by this means communicated in some manner with those who were partakers of the victim.

These five conditions are found reunited in the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb. The Lord had commanded Moses that, on the tenth day of the month on which the Jews had been delivered from the slavery of Egypt, a lamb of one year and without blemish should be taken and separated from the flock; and thus were verified the conditions enumerated above, namely: 1. The separation of the lamb signified that it was a victim *consecrated* to God; 2. This consecration was succeeded by the *oblation*, which took place in the Temple, where the lamb was presented; 3. On the fourteenth day of the month the *immolation* took place, or the lamb was killed; 4. Then the lamb was roasted and divided among those present, and this was the partaking of it, or *communion*; 5. Finally, the lamb having been eaten, what remained of it was *consumed* by fire.

New Books and Old

The appearance of *Men of Mexico* by James A. Wagner (Bruce, pp. 614, \$4.00) serves to heighten the fact that Catholic priest-writers in the United States have done well by their long-suffering fellow-Catholics in Mexico. Several brilliant books by priests have put before the people of our country the true facts about conditions in that country, so utterly different from ours, and for that very reason so fascinating to

most people who visit it, or even read about its history, present and past. To mention only two of the better-known books we have in mind: Bishop Francis Clement Kelley's *Blood-Drenched Altars* several years ago was a well-documented and thorough survey of Mexico's long internal struggle. Bishop Kelley, who seemingly has had enough varied experience in his life to fill four average life-times, wrote on this subject not only as a scholar, but as one who had first-hand evidence and experience of Mexican affairs. The scholarly Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., took the matter of persecution of the Church in Mexico as the particular subject of his book *Mexican Martyrdom*. The ebb and tide and the various phases of the long struggle of the State to dominate the Church are described and annotated so thoroughly in this volume that it is hard to see what answer can be made to its contentions. Perhaps these and other similar books have done more than appears on the surface to change the entirely false picture of the Mexican situation which is so widespread in our country. Certainly the influence of Bishop Kelley and his work towards the establishment of the seminary in Texas for Mexican priests have done much to bring about a better condition in Mexico itself, where at last the sun seems to be breaking through the clouds as far as religion is concerned. Father Wagner's book—*Men of Mexico*—carries on this tradition of good writing, although it is entirely different in its approach and treatment of Mexican his-

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGURIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

tory. Father Wagner's approach is strictly that of the historian. One after another he marshals across the pages of his book the men who from Mexico's earliest beginnings have

been, for better or for worse, her leaders. Montezuma, Cortes, and Las Casas from her early days are first portrayed, each of them bearing a different stamp of greatness. Montezuma—barbarian emperor living in a regal splendor that few kings have been able to achieve, even at the cost of blood and tyranny. Stout Cortes, the intrepid and misunderstood conquistador. and Las Casas, the monk, devoted and single-minded friend and champion of the enslaved Indians. Next come the characters of the Mexican colonial period, during which the country reached a high peak of culture (a time when the United States was still in its infancy). And finally, in a procession of blood and tumult, we see the men who took leading roles in Mexico's long revolution, which has yet, it would seem, to run its course. Hidalgo, who first raised the banner of Mexican independence, and in later years, characters more familiar to readers of American history—Santa Anna, Juarez, and Porfirio Diaz. Portraits of the "strong men"—Calles and Cardenas, round out this gallery, rich with all the wealth of history and of human interest. Let it not be thought, however, that the author achieves an interesting book by the imaginative interpretation of his facts. If anything, as a well-known critic has pointed out, Catholics might wish that he were less tolerant of the dark shadows which the facts reveal. But Father Wagner evidently feels that a strictly impartial approach to his subject will do more to remove prejudice than any amount of special pleading. And we feel that he is justified in so thinking. Most people, beneath their inherited and personal prejudices, have an essential fairmindedness about them; and if they have had prejudices in regard to Mexico, a book like this should accomplish a world of good.

New Things and Old, by Joseph E. Kempf, Herder, (\$1.75) treats, according to the author's declaration, "some psychological aspects of the religious life." Various virtues are considered in the light of what modern psychologists have discovered about the relations between body,

mind and will, and their interactions upon each other. There is much that will be found useful in this book, even though it may shock the "old school" by its new approaches to old controversies, and by the way in which it treats of certain deeply-rooted ascetical ideas. It does not, we hasten to add, attack the essentials of ascetical practice in any way whatever, but only some of the means of applying those essentials. Thus in the chapter on Mortification the author gives it as his belief that in the light of modern psychological findings the traditional belief that self-discipline in any one department of the physical plane extends its effects to all departments must be revised. In other words, if, for example, mortification in regard to food and drink is practiced, the will is strengthened in that particular matter, but it is not necessarily strengthened in regard to other and different actions. Statements like this will come as a shock to some, and perhaps they will be tempted to dismiss this "new-fangled psychology" as worse than irreverent. Such persons should at least see what Father Kempf has to say in defense of his beliefs, since his whole aim is to bring psychology into the service of asceticism as her handmaid.

©

The host of admirers of the Little Flower of Jesus will undoubtedly take to their hearts *A Letter from Lisieux*, recently published by the Scapular Press in New York City (\$1.75). This interesting little work contains a series of letters written by Mother Agnes of Jesus (St. Therese's sister) in which are described the last days and death

The Little Flower's Sister of still another sister of them both—Marie, who died in the Carmelite convent at Lisieux only a few years ago. John Mathias Haffert, who has translated the letters from their original French, and added a deft commentary, makes much of the fact that the letters were written on the very eve of Hitler's invasion of France. He is right in doing so, we believe, for a close reading of this calm and deepy spiritual account of a

deeply spiritual person cannot but communicate its peaceful atmosphere to anyone approaching it sincerely. Very interesting indeed is the new light thrown on the life of the Little Flower herself by these intimate letters, which tell in some detail the story of Marie's vocation. One sees how closely knit together in their spiritual ideals were the members of this remarkable family, and yet how intensely and warmly human in all that they thought and did. We wish the book, which is not large, had been priced a little more reasonably, but doubtless the attractive way in which it is printed and put together precluded a lower price. A pamphlet based on the teachings of the Little Flower herself has been published by the Sunday Visitor Press. It is *The Science of Love* (15c), by John C. H. Wu, noted Chinese scholar and convert to the Church. It contains some fresh approaches to the much-discussed subject of St. Therese's asceticism, and it is interesting to see the particular points in her sanctity which most interest a man whose habits of thought were formed in the Orient.

©

A new venture by the zealous and enterprising Catechetical Guild of St. Paul has recently been set on foot in *Timeless Topix*, a monthly story in pictures for boys and girls in our Catholic schools. There has been a rising tide of opposition of late to the degeneration into which many of the so-called comic strips have fallen. Apart from the fact that some of the cartoonists are not ashamed, apparently, to enlist sex in their strivings for reader interest, the general opinion is that the comics of our times are not a good influence upon our children, and this opinion is by no means confined to Catholics. And yet the Comic Books have reached a phenomenal peak of circulation—some 15 million copies a month are distributed by their publishers. The purpose of *Topix* is to supplant the unreal heroes of the Comic Books with true Christian heroes by picturing their lives in readable and attractive fashion. The sponsors plan to issue an eight-page story monthly for the rest of the current school year on such subjects as Damien, Joan of Arc and Pasteur. The cost is only 1¼c per copy for 500 or more, 2c per copy for bundles of less than 100. No single subscriptions are taken. We commend *Topix* to school teachers and all who have charge of children.—L. G. M.

Lucid Intervals

"But, who would want to steal a Pull-man ladder?" expostulated the conductor.

"I don't know, but she's gone" responded the porter.

At this juncture a passenger occupying an upper berth for the first time overheard the conversation, parted the curtain and generously remarked:

"Porter, you may use mine, I won't need it till morning."

*

There is a preacher in Ohio who should have his salary raised for making the following announcement from his pulpit: "Brethren, the janitor and I will hold our regular prayer-meeting next Wednesday evening as usual."

*

A negro hooked such a big fish one day that it pulled him overboard. As he crawled back into the boat, he sighed philosophically:

"Whut ah wants to know is, is dis niggah fishin' or is dat fish niggahin'?"

*

New Typist (following rapid-fire dictation): "Now, Mr. Jones—what did you say between—'Dear sir' and 'Sincerely Yours?'"

*

Tearful Parishioner (saying farewell to a departing minister): "I don't know what we will do when you are gone, Dr. Blank."

Departing Minister: "Oh, the church will soon get a better man than I am."

Tearful Parishioner: "That's what they all say, but they keep getting worse and worse."

*

A lady sent her little girl to see the doctor. When she returned, the fond mother said, "Mary, did the doctor treat you?"

"No," said Mary, "he charged me two dollars."

*

Cohen had his family to the theater. When his little son fell out of the gallery into the orchestra circle, he cried to the falling child:

"Abie, come oud of dose expensive seats quick!"

The old man in the theatre dropped something and was making frantic efforts to recover it when a woman next to him asked what he had lost.

"A caramel," the old man replied.

"You don't mean to tell me," the woman said, "you are making all this fuss over a caramel?"

"Yes," came the reply, "my teeth are in it."

*

Wife: "I'm afraid the mountain air would disagree with me."

Hubby: "My dear, it wouldn't dare!"

*

Passenger: I say, conductor, will you please get me a glass of water?

Conductor: That's the tenth glass of water I've gotten you in the last five minutes. I never heard of anyone drinking so much.

Passenger: I'm not drinking it. My berth is on fire and I'm trying to put it out.

*

"I hear that you dropped some money in Wall Street. Were you a bull or a bear?"

"Neither, just a plain, simple ass."

*

The weighing machine was out of order, but no notice to that effect had been posted. An unsuspecting fat lady clambered on and inserted a penny. Among the curious bystanders was an inebriated gentleman intently watching the dial. The scale registered seventy-five pounds. "My gosh," he whispered hoarsely, "she's hollow."

*

Mother was warning little Nancy about being careful crossing streets.

"Oh, don't worry," the child assured her mother. "I always wait for the empty space to come by."

*

"Eph, did yo' know dat Jonah spent three days in de stomach of a whale?"

"Humph! Dot ain't much, mah Uncle wus longer dan dot in the stomach of a alligator."

"Sho enuf! How long?"

"He's dar yit."

CRADLE COURTSHIPS

At what age should boys and girls begin company-keeping?

At what age do many of them actually begin it?

What is to be said of mixed friendships and regular "dates" during high-school years?

What prophecy for the future can be made of those who indulge in "puppy love" during their early teens?

These and many other questions concerning the important problem of company-keeping are answered in a pamphlet by Rev. Ernest F. Miller, C.Ss.R., entitled "CRADLE COURTSHIPS." The material in the pamphlet first appeared in a periodical edited for priests only, but because of widespread interest has now been reprinted. It contains very practical lessons for mothers and fathers, educators and teachers, priests and spiritual directors, and much for high-school boys and girls to ponder themselves.

The pamphlet sells for 15 cents. Order it from THE LIGUORIAN Pamphlet Office, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Week

Army Surgeon
Junior Army
Pardon My Gun
Previously Reviewed
American Empire
Arizona Bound
Avengers, The
Bambi
Bandit Ranger
Bashful Bachelor, The
Bells of Capistrano
Between Us Girls
Billy the Kid in Law and Order
Billy the Kid in the Mysterious Rider
Birth of the Blues
Black Rider of Robin Hood Ranch
Boogie Man Will Get You, The
Border Roundup
Boss of Big Town
Boston Blackie Goes Hollywood
Bowery Blitzkrieg
Cairo
Call of the Canyon
Cheyenne Roundup
Counter Espionage
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The
Cyclone Kid, The
Dangerously They Live
Daring Young Man, The
Deep in the Heart of Texas
Desperate Journal
Devil With Hitler, The
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring
Enemy Agent
Eternal Gift, The
Eyes in the Night
Falcon's Brother, The
Fighting Frontier
Flying Fortress
Flying Tigers
For Me and My Gal
Foreign Agent
Gay Caballero, The

Gentleman Jim
George Washington Slept Here
Get Hep to Love
Glory of Faith, The (French)
Golgotha
Half a Sinner
Heart of the Golden West
Henry Aldrich, Editor
Here We Go Again
Hidden Gold
Hillbilly Blitzkrieg
Holiday Inn
In Old California
Jacare
Laugh Your Blues Away
Legion of the Lawless
Life Begins for Andy Hardy
Life Begins in College
Little Flower of Jesus
Little Joe the Wrangler
Lone Prairie, The
Lone Rider Rides On, The
Loves of Edgar Allan Poe, The
Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me
Mad Men of Europe
Magnificent Dope, The
Man in the Trunk, The
Marry the Boss's Daughter
Maxwell Archer, Detective
Mikado, The
Military Academy
Miss V from Moscow
Monastery
Mrs. Miniver
Mrs. Wings of the Cabbage Patch
Navy Blue and Gold (reissue)
Navy Comes Through, The
Northwest Rangers
Old Chisholm Trail, The
Old Homestead, The
Omaha Trail, The
One of Our Aircraft Is Missing
Outlaw of Boulder Pass
Outlaw of Pine Ridge
Pacific Blackout
Pardon My Stripes
Perpetual Sacrifice, The
Phantom Plainsmen

Pirates of the Prairie
Pride of the Blue Grass
Pride of the Yankees, The
Private Snuffy Smith
Queen of Destiny
Raiders of San Joaquin
Reap the Wild Wind
Red River Robin
Riding Through Nevada
Scatterbrain
Scattergood Survives a Murder
Seven Days Leave
Seven Sweethearts
Shadows on the Sage
Sheriff of Sage Valley
Small Town Deb
Smith of Minnesota
Sombrero Kid, The
Spirit of Stanford
Springtime in the Rockies
Stage Coach Buckaroo
Stand By, All Networks
Story of the Vatican, The
Strictly in the Groove
Sued for Libel
Sunset Serenade
Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground
Thunder Birds
Texas to Bataan
Tombstone
Tonto Basin Outlaws
Top Sergeant Mulligan
Trail of the Silver Spurs
U-Boat 29
Undercover Man
Valley of Hunted Men
Wake Island
War Against Mrs. Hadley, The
West of the Law
What's Cookin'
Whistling in Dixie
Who Done It?
World at War
Yanks Are Coming, The
Yank at Eton, A
Yankee Doodle Dandy